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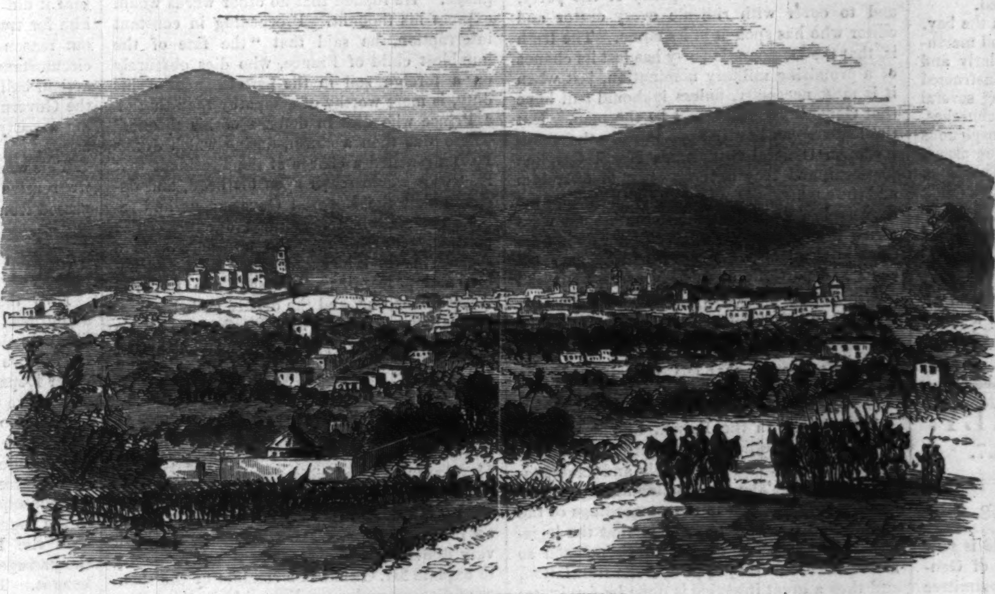
THE EXECUTION OF MAXIMILIAN.

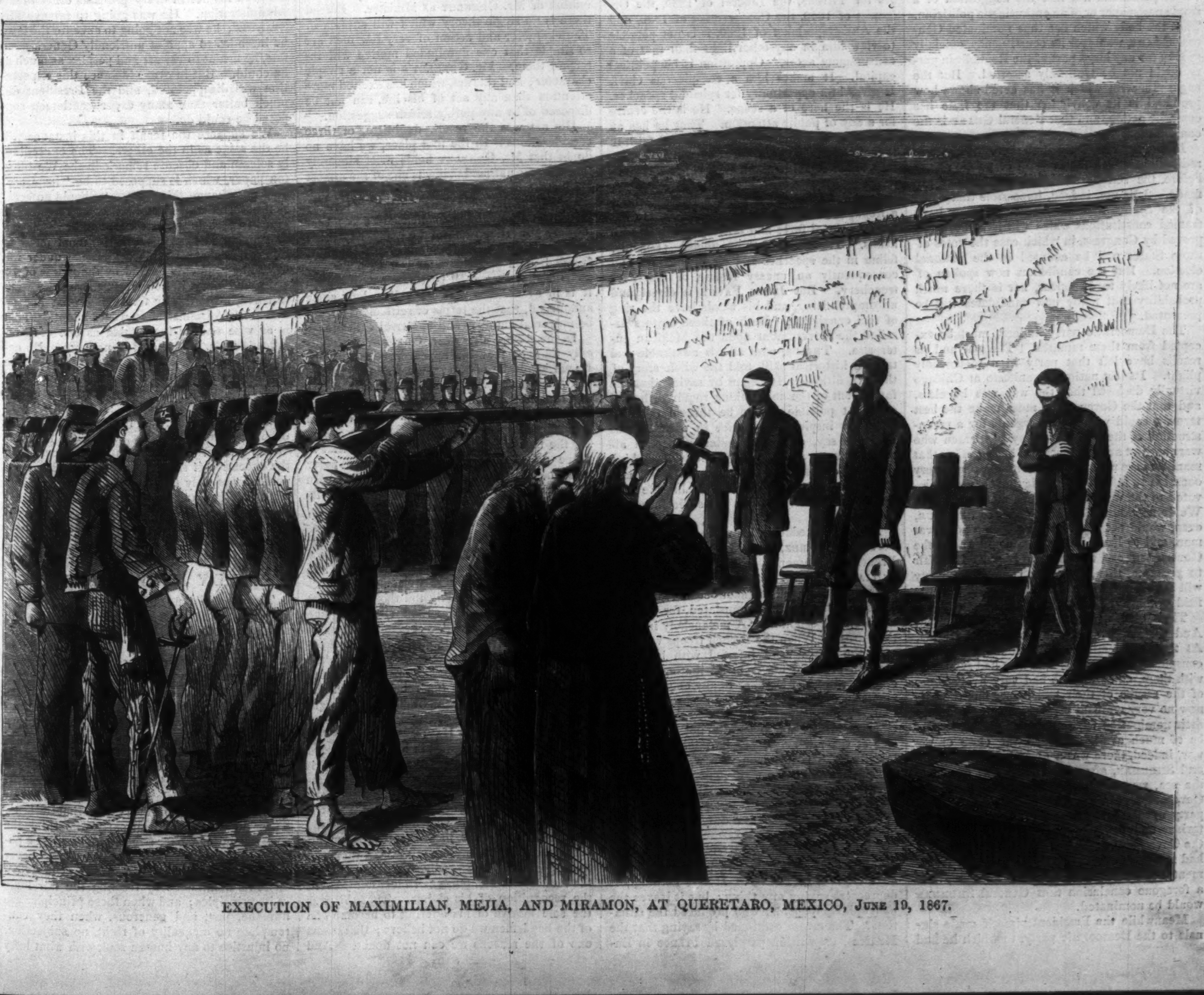
The full details of the execution of **Maximilian**, **Mejia**, and **Miramon** at Queretaro, Mexico, are every way corroborative of the news as at first received, and the event loses nothing of the romantic and horrible nature which attached to it at first. We have received, and herewith present, a picture of the execution, and views of Queretaro and Wera Cruz.

The execution of **Maximilian** and his Generals was fixed by the Court which tried them for June 16, but President **Juarez** postponed it until June 19, in the hope, it is now asserted, that a protest from the United States authorities would prevent the perpetration of the act which the Mexican people were unwisely forcing him to commit. At 6 o'clock on the morning of the latter day the victims were informed that their time had come; and an hour later they stepped forth from the Convent of the Capuchinas, in which they had been confined, and entered the carriage which was to convey them to the Cerro de la Campana. They were guarded and escorted by four thousand armed men. The place selected for the tragedy was within a short distance of the spot where **Maximilian**, betrayed by the treachery of **Lopez**, surrendered on the 15th of May.



VIEW OF QUERETARO, MEXICO.

Maximilian alighted from the carriage as they reached the spot, and, with careless grace, brushing the dust from his garments, advanced toward the line of soldiers and inquired who were to fire upon him. The platoon being pointed out, he gave to each of them a piece of gold, and requested them to aim well at his heart. He then approached **Miramon** and **Mejia**, and, embracing them three times, with much fervor, said, "In a few moments we shall meet in another world." The embrace was returned with equal feeling. The Emperor, who at the time was standing in the centre, turning to **Miramon**, said, "General, a brave man is admired by monarchs. You are entitled to the post of honor," and changed positions with him. To **Mejia** he said, "General, conduct not rewarded on earth will be in heaven." Then advancing a few steps, with admirable coolness and in a loud, clear voice, he spoke as follows: "Mexicans, men of my class and of my origin, who are animated with my sentiments, are destined by Providence to make the happiness of people or be their martyrs. When



EXECUTION OF MAXIMILIAN, MEJIA, AND MIRAMON, AT QUERETARO, MEXICO, June 19, 1867.

I came among you I did not bring with me illegitimate ideas; I came, called by Mexicans, who, in good faith, desired the welfare of their country, and who to-day perish with me. Before descending into the grave I will add that I take with me the consolation of having done all the good in my power; and I have the satisfaction of not having been abandoned by my beloved and faithful Generals. Mexicans, may my blood be the last spilled, and may it regenerate Mexico, my unfortunate adopted country!" He then stepped back, and with one foot advanced, with his eyes, which he refused to have bandaged, raised toward heaven, calmly awaited death.

MIRAMON also spoke a few words. MEJIA said nothing. All appeared calm and cool, though not indifferent or unconcerned. A platoon of five soldiers advanced when all was ready, and leveling their weapons, fired at the fatal word, and the three fell to the earth dead.

The view of Queretaro which we give on the preceding page is from a sketch by an artist in the Liberal army, and was made immediately after the capture of the city. On the left is the Convent of La Cruz, the residence of MAXIMILIAN during the siege, and the position which was betrayed by LOPEZ. On the right is the Hill of the Campana, on which he was executed.

The view of Vera Cruz is taken from the bay. The town is surrounded by sand-hills and marshes. The streets and houses are regularly and solidly built, most of them being constructed around spacious court-yards, and rising several stories in height, with flat roofs. The churches, with their domes, and the other conspicuous public buildings, give rather an imposing aspect to Vera Cruz, beheld from the sea. The mole, or pier, is a fine structure of stone, extending from the Custom-house several hundred yards out into the sea. Here the boats and lighters have to land all cargoes and passengers from the ships, which can not approach within a mile of the shore. The harbor, indeed, is a mere roadstead, between the main land and the island of San Juan d'Ulloa, on which a fort and a light-house are erected. The population of Vera Cruz is about 7000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1867.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1868.

THE Presidential campaign of 1868 is now opened. The formal nomination of General GRANT for the Presidency by a Committee in New York representing a considerable number of persons is not like the suggestion of a single newspaper or of an enthusiastic politician. That the body which has thus nominated General GRANT, whatever its constituency, officially speaks for any large part of the Republican party could not be truthfully asserted. But the eagerness with which it has acted shows how profound is its conviction that the time has come for action, and that General GRANT is the coming man.

It is not very likely that there will be any radical change in the position of public affairs before the serious and final nominations are made. It is not, indeed, impossible that some of the States now unrepresented may have framed constitutions which will have been approved by Congress, in which case the votes of those States will be counted in the national election. But the candidates now spoken of are not likely to disappear, nor is there much probability that many new candidates will be presented.

The Democratic party, indeed, must be excepted from these remarks. The war and its results have left that party in a melancholy plight. Its last national manifesto at Chicago virtually declared that the war was hopeless, and that the Government must make the best terms it could with the insurgents for a reconstruction of the Union. Many gentlemen who were earliest and most zealous in approving that manifesto are now peculiarly anxious upon every occasion to inform the public that they were devoted to the war from the first shot to the last. We do not know that Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR, even, would not claim to have been a good war man, and to have done all he could to aid the Government and to cheer the army. It is fair to presume, then, that the Democratic party will seek a military candidate, and will take the field as the war party.

Their choice, indeed, is somewhat limited. And their fate as a war party will be cruel. At the last election they nominated the most conspicuous of the Generals who had sympathy with them, and who also had very lively hopes of the results of their assistance, but there is now no very eminent soldier who would accept their nomination whose name or prestige would be of much avail. Toward the close of the war, indeed, there was a gleam of hope. General SHERMAN, after his triumphant march to the sea, was apparently in opposition to the Government. That was quite enough for a party upon the look-out for chances. A victorious and popular General, reprimanded by the Government, was just what the party which had steadily opposed the policy of the Government demanded, and it seemed for some time a foregone conclusion that General SHERMAN would be nominated.

Meanwhile the President himself made signals to the Democratic party, to which he had always belonged; and so strenuously did he oppose the policy and the principles of the party that elected him, that Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, in a gush of enthusiasm at Albany, and in one of the most humiliating of his many speeches of that kind, nominated ANDREW JOHNSON for the next Presidency. The response of the party was not enthusiastic. It began at once to flatter the President, and to urge him to a still sharper opposition to the party which had elected him; and the Democratic party has done its best to aggravate the breach between the President and Congress, and to perplex and postpone the whole subject of reconstruction. But that party has always had as little intention of nominating Mr. JOHNSON as of nominating General BUTLER; and now, as the time approaches, the available candidate of the party becomes hopelessly invisible.

It can hardly be possible that any leader of the Democracy has proposed General GRANT; for General GRANT's hostility to what is known as the National policy of the Democratic party is open and emphatic. To nominate him would be to abdicate the whole policy of the party, and to cover with ridicule every orator and editor who has spoken in its name. The truth is, that the Democratic party has lost its chance of a promising military nomination, just when it is most necessary, unless it should still hope that General SHERMAN will be the man. But the leaders can hardly hope to rally the country upon General SHERMAN's North Carolina platform, and they have no other to offer him and the country, except the proposition that the country has no right to determine upon what terms the rebel States shall resume their relations in the Union. That would be as sagacious and patriotic a platform as that adopted at Chicago in 1864, and it would be just as acceptable to the country.

THIERS AND JULES FAVRE UPON MEXICO.

THE debate in the French Chambers upon the Mexican question was remarkably pungent and interesting, and thoroughly and exquisitely "French." The art of phrasing is certainly brought to perfection in the proceedings of the Deputies. But it is impossible that the legislative debates should seem to Frenchmen so melodramatic as they appear in the translation, and thus a great injustice is done by foreigners to the sincerity and gravity of French feeling. As for THIERS, the Liberal of 1830, the Orleanist of 1840, the Conservative of 1850, and the Anti-imperialist of 1860, it is not possible to view him in any other light than that of a consummate actor. Opposition is his political capital. It makes him a conspicuous chief. It gives him opportunity for splendid speeches. He is the hero of a scene. He is the centre for a day of public attention. That he has an earnest love of liberty, and a profound faith in it as the essential condition of all political progress, is not so evident. Thiers is not a Republican.

In that he differs from JULES FAVRE, who is a Republican of the best French type. He has the traditional force and bravery of the Republicans. There is something smooth, plausible, feline in the speeches and air of THIERS, and consequently an uneasy feeling of falsity or treachery. But JULES FAVRE is direct and uncompromising, and his words have the ring of real conviction. Both of these orators assailed the Government upon the Mexican enterprise. THIERS, with all his admirable and trained historical skill, told the whole story of the expedition. He began by saying that the fatal event of the undertaking required that all the light possible should be thrown upon it. Then he inspired confidence in what he was about to say, and commanded respectful attention as an authority, by artfully remarking that he offered his objections in 1864, and should regret to the last day of his life that upon that occasion he was not sufficiently persuasive.

As he proceeded in his narration he was severe upon JUAREZ, but overwhelming upon the French Government. When he came to MAXIMILIAN's decrees of the 3d of October the "Frenchiness" of his manner became ludicrous. These are the words as translated, for we have not seen the original: "A melancholy incident then arose. When the French troops were absent the roads were infested with brigands. Heaven preserve me from attributing the decrees of the 3d of October to any one. [Movements in opposite senses.] I accuse the situation. Those persons who accused the Mexican Government of weakness did not see, by the side of the few brigands who might indeed be infesting the roads, men who were defending the country and had a right to do so." ["Hear, hear!" on the left of the speaker. A movement of dissent.] *The President:* "The gravity of the debate makes it a duty on all to listen in silence."

Nothing could be more truly French. "I accuse the situation." The phrase is wholly characteristic of THIERS. It says nothing; it deprecates saying any thing; but it leaves the unavoidable question, who produced the situation? The orator continued by saying that the Mexican expedition paralyzed France in Europe, and permitted Prussia to aggrandize herself. Toward the end of his speech he spoke of two kinds of monarchs, one governing absolutely, the other by the counsel of ministers. The President respectfully interrupted. M. THIERS said he had but one word to add. "Precisely," said the French President, "and I ask that it may be such as that I may not be compelled to tell you that you are not discussing Mexico, but the constitution." Upon which THIERS flung a poisoned arrow. He said that many thought France was moving toward the liberal monarchy. "So be it. I recognize that we are marching toward it; but let us not stop on the road, for we might encounter there the Mexican expedition, and the events of Germany. I have only touched upon these sad affairs in hopes of accelerating the result we are permitted to aspire to, progress in our institutions."

THIERS was followed by JULES FAVRE, who accused not the situation, but the Imperial Government of deliberate deception. The President requested him to use Parliamentary language. He replied that no other words would express his thought. Proceeding in constant interruption, he said that "the fate of the humblest child of France, who dies obscurely on a foreign soil in the performance of his duty, is more worthy of sympathy than that of a Prince who dies in defense of his throne." There was then a storm, during which JULES FAVRE repelled a charge of the President that his words would recoil upon his head, and declared that the Imperial Government had rebuilt the scaffold for political offenses. The next day M. ROUHER, the minister, made a speech, in which he showed how wise, and noble, and peaceful, and humane the Imperial Government was, and the debate ended.

The Exposition will hardly repair the loss in LOUIS NAPOLEON's prestige occasioned by the Mexican catastrophe.

AN ANSWER TO A QUESTION.

WE are still constantly asked why it was that Mr. GREELEY was willing to be bail for JEFFERSON DAVIS? and his nomination to the Senate as Minister to Austria only refreshes interest in the question. The reply seems to us not very difficult nor remote. It is not necessary to explain Mr. GREELEY's conduct by the theory of a secret understanding with the President, which the latter has betrayed by an open nomination of Mr. GREELEY as Minister. Indeed there is no single theory which will explain it. The character and action of very few men are so simple that one unmingled motive will interpret them. Mr. GREELEY's is not a simple character; and this act, which has excited more attention than any act of his life, can not be disposed of by any purely selfish suggestion.

His act was the result, doubtless, of three considerations: In the first place, we have no doubt that Mr. GREELEY holds most sincerely that the true national policy is one of the utmost kindness and conciliation. He believes that the people of the rebel States have been terribly punished; that they are sullen and sore; that they are powerless to harm the country further; and that every consideration of good policy, founded upon experience and human nature, dictates that they shall be treated with lenity. It is in accordance with his policy, long since announced, that the terms of settlement should be universal amnesty and universal suffrage.

In the second place, Mr. GREELEY undoubtedly thought that his appearance as bail for DAVIS would be of the greatest service to the political party of which he is a leader, in showing that it is not hostile to the South, but is perfectly willing and ready to join hands in fraternity rather than in vengeance, after adopting the measures which are plainly essential to peace and security. The Republican party must be organized throughout the Southern States. It naturally wishes to include in its ranks as many of the late rebels as possible. Without surrendering one principle, or modifying its firm and moderate policy, and not expecting the sympathy or support of those whose hearts are still devoted to the lost cause, like ROBERT TOOMBS, it would welcome the adhesion of a man who honestly and thoroughly, not verbally, accepted the actual situation, like General LONGSTREET. To commend the party to the general regard of men who, like thousands at the South, know it only through the falsehoods of the Democratic papers and the insane vituperation of the rebel press in the Southern States, Mr. GREELEY doubtless thought nothing could be more effectual than to appear as bail for JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Then, thirdly, as it was, in his opinion, good for the country, and good for the party, so it was remarkably good for himself. If the Republican party were to be extended into the Southern States and organized there, and the work were to be done very much through the conduct of one of its most conspicuous members, when it was fully organized and prepared to support candidates—why, then, in that case, the modesty of Mr. GREELEY must not prevent the recognition of his claims. That this was the sole motive of his offering to become one of the bondsmen we do not believe; that it was one of the reasons we can not doubt. And this not because we do not believe Mr. GREELEY as capable of disinterested public action as any other man, but because his whole career since the publication of his letter describing the failure of Mr. SEWARD and Mr. WEED to help him into office, shows that he believes he can serve the public well in some high official station.

To these reasons must be added a certain love of notoriety, and the four together certainly supply a sufficient explanation of his journey to Richmond and his bailing of DAVIS. The fatal difficulty in the whole affair is, that it is not possible to regard DAVIS merely as a political prisoner. There is a blacker stain upon him. Mr. GREELEY may claim that it has never been seriously charged in a court and certainly never established. True; but does Mr. GREELEY therefore believe that DAVIS knew nothing of Andersonville? That DAVIS should not be imprisoned indefinitely without trial, we agree; and if the Government had said that it withdrew its charge against him of complicity in the assassination, and had frankly declared that it did not mean, for good grounds, to try him for treason, Mr. GREELEY might not without reason have applauded. But, under the circumstances as they existed, and without such action, bail ought not to have been received by the Government, and Mr. GREELEY, in becoming a party, supported the Government in its action.

This we say to satisfy the many inquiries that we receive upon a subject that has already passed from immediate attention.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

Now that Congress has done its duty and adjourned it is asked what the President is likely to do. Will he remove GRANT? Will he remove SHERIDAN? Will he remove the other Department commanders? But how can he remove GRANT? And what could he possibly hope to gain by removing the others? If he wished to do all the mischief he could he might endeavor to supplant the present officers by creatures of his own. But he knows what the consequence would be as well as any body in the country. Reasoning from his past conduct the President, having protested against the passage of the law, will observe his oath and keep it. The same stories which are now told, and the same suspicions which are now current, followed his act in every previous crisis of his administration. He was going to remove Mr. STANTON; he was not going to execute the law; he intended to appoint unfriendly Generals—in fine, he meant to thwart and perplex as much as he could. But in every instance this expectation was disappointed, and the President did much better than many eager gentlemen supposed he could do.

We suppose the result in this instance will be the same as in the others. The exceedingly solemn and obscure remark in the Washington paper, which is supposed to be "inspired," does not change this view. "Should an occasion unfortunately force itself or be forced upon him in which he must consent to be disobeyed or supplanted from his constitutional jurisdiction, or else require his commands under the law to be implicitly obeyed by the power of the army and navy if necessary, there is, we are satisfied, no authority for saying what line of action the Administration would adopt." That is as wise and as inscrutable as one of BURLEIGH's nods. If so, so; if not, not. No occasion can force itself or be forced upon the President when it will not be his duty to execute the law, as passed by Congress, in the plain spirit of its intention. No technical evasion will answer, nor will it conceal his purpose from the country. He moves in the full gaze of the nation. If Presidential obstruction in the execution of the Military bill should become evident, not only Congress, in the tremendous words of Mr. BANKS, would proceed to consider the situation of the country, but the country itself would very seriously consider its own condition.

NEW JERSEY ERECT.

THE Republicans of New Jersey have done a very noble work. Certainly at this time and in this country it should not be very heroic to declare the political equality of all men; but in the State of New Jersey, so long held fast in the Democratic vice, it is so. The Republicans, in proclaiming that the State Constitution is unjust because it disfranchises men for color, merely take the true position of every true American.

Nor do we believe that they will regret it. Sometime the declaration was inevitable. If it were delayed, and delayed, and delayed, it would have been delayed still longer; for fear is a worse counselor every day that it lasts. Those in the Republican party who think the time has not come for so plain and logical a position as that now assumed in New Jersey never will think it has come. A dominant party secures its dominance by trusting the fair logic of its principles; and when those principles are humane, just, and generous, when they contemplate no inequality of right, no subjection, no injustice to any human soul, with what lofty exultation should they proclaim them and confide in the approving heart of mankind!

If the Republicans in New Jersey had taken counsel of their fears they would have worshiped bugbears—a kind of worship which is neither beautiful nor useful. In such a State it was precisely the spirit of the men who called the Convention at Trenton, which alone could inspire the party with the ardor which will enable it to hold the State. The Republican party can not afford, as a mere matter of policy, to coquet with the question of manhood suffrage. To say that there is a very great prejudice against the voting of colored men, and that people will not understand the real question, is to abdicate the post of the advanced-guard. How will the people ever understand the question if it is not argued, and how will it ever be argued if it is not raised? The way to raise it is to make it an issue. If it were not an issue, every speaker and orator afraid of injuring the party would constantly declare that he was not yet in favor of colored suffrage. It would be the old cry of "As much opposed to slavery as any man; but—" It would be the Copperhead folly of the war: "Resolved, that we are in favor of the war, and opposed to carrying it on."

This nonsense has passed away. The political battle-cry of the New Jersey Republicans rings out blithe and clear. It is the slogan that sounds melodious along the whole National Republican line from Maine to California, and from Florida to Oregon. The New Jersey address is most felicitous. It recites the great triumphs of the great party of the loyal American people. It appeals confidently to New Jerseymen; but the true heart of the whole land answers with hope and cheer:

> "We appeal with sanguine anticipation to their sympathy and co-operation in the noble task of wiping out the only relic of the old barbarism in our Constitution and making it altogether in harmony with the vital doctrine of the Declaration of Independence and the informing soul of the Constitution of the United States."

A MEXICAN VIEW.

IT is really a little hard to require of the Republic of Mexico such a profound obsequiousness to the United States as is implied in much of the current newspaper talk about that sad country. For our own purposes, and in pursuance of a traditional policy which no administration would disregard, we have told France that we could not approve her invasion and occupation of Mexico. That is all. We have looked on calmly for four years while that country has been bleeding and struggling with the invader. We have been busy enough ourselves, indeed; but we gave the invader some facilities which we denied to the Republic. Still pursuing our policy, our position pushes France out of Mexico, but leaves that country still fighting with the foreign enemy. He is captured, and in danger of the fate that has always awaited such adventurers. We interfere by the letter of a gentleman in New Orleans, and at the dictation of Austria. Mexico takes its own course, and we foam with indignation.

A sensible Mexican must smile, if any Mexican has any smiles left. He knows that it is not for love of Mexico that we insisted upon the withdrawal of France, and that there is a party among us which would gladly do what France tried to do. Ours is not a kind of motive for which any Mexican can feel peculiarly grateful, however much he may rejoice in the result. We think, therefore, that it would be wiser and more generous not to treat Mexico as if it were the most aggravating country in the world, because it will not obey our wishes in every respect. The tone and temper of our friendship are not generous, and can not inspire confidence. The turkey that is plentifully fed with corn and finds no stint of fattening food, must contemplate it with curious emotions if he has ever heard of Thanksgiving. Imagine an honorable Mexican reading the speech of Mr. JAMES BROOKS, and reflecting that, in the inscrutable ways of Providence, Mr. JAMES BROOKS was one of the national Legislature of the United States. Could we reproach him if his affection for the United States were not ardent?

THE BOURBONS.

IT is astonishing with what tenacity the Democratic party of New York, as represented in the Constitutional Convention, cling to their hostility to the rights of the colored race. In the debates upon the suffrage article, whether in the Committee of the Whole or in the Convention, every kind of amendment was introduced which might in any way cast a slur upon the colored man. If the colored citizens had shown themselves to be the most dangerous and criminal class in the State—if they had been disloyal or indifferent during the war—if they were the class from which the prisons were chiefly filled, and if they were generally a drunken, idle, worthless body of people, they could not have been pursued with more persistent animosity than the Democratic members of the Convention showed.

This was the more humiliating because many of these gentlemen are intelligent men, who must at least suspect the folly of such efforts. They can not be ignorant of the fact that with the fall of slavery fell all real hope of further success upon the issue of race. They must have longed for a chance to speak frankly and openly, and without the fear of a threatening constituency behind, and to say, as they certainly believe, that as a class of citizens the colored men are just as capable and worthy of the elective franchise as any other. We can not conceive of a more unpleasant party ordeal for a truly generous and honorable man than to be forced upon his party fealty to vote against his serious convictions. It was pleasant to remark that two or three of the leading Democratic members occasionally broke away from the close party lines, and voted as men, not as partisans.

The fact, however, is instructive. It illustrates what one of the Republican members, Mr. TOWNSEND, said, that it seemed to him that every race upon earth was improving except the Bourbons. The Democratic party is not much troubled by being called by that epithet, but neither were the kings who bore that name. If the members of the Democratic party rejoice in it, and resolve to deserve it more and more, they can behold their fate. They are continuing to deserve the title of the Conservative party, as they have earned it, by holding fast to every thing which has ever been a policy or an issue, whether it has passed away or not. This is merely the conservatism of the grating in the sewer. It catches all the rubbish with the riches, and holds equally fast a dish-cloth and a silver tureen.

THE AUTHORITY TO PREACH.

THE Reverend STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jun., is under trial by the Episcopal Diocese of New York on a charge of "breach of discipline" in officiating at religious services in a Methodist church at New Brunswick, New Jersey. The charge is preferred by Dr. STUBBS of the Episcopal Church, and is, in plain terms, to the effect that Dr. TYNG had preached in Dr. STUBBS's parish without his consent or authority. One is naturally led by this statement to wonder if any of the apostles in the early days of the church usually asked permission of the others to "officiate" in their parishes; or if any other authority or warrant was demanded of them than the divine command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," or that other of that man of sound doctrine, Saint Paul, who, advising Timothy, wrote to him thus: "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine."

HEALTH IN CITY AND COUNTRY.

AT this season of the year, when so many are fleeing from the crowded city to the country, it seems peculiarly fitting to consider the comparative influence of a city and a country residence upon the health, the object being not merely to ascertain what the real difference is, but beyond this, to see if we can not discover some means of making the city approximate more nearly to the country in its healthy condition.

Few really know how great the difference is. Here are some statistics which indicate it. The comparison is made between London and the rural district of Lewisham. The deaths registered in London during the seven years which the observations covered were 342,000. If the mortality had been no greater than in Lewisham during the same years in proportion to the population, the deaths would have been 244,128. Therefore 97,872 died in London more than would have died if the population had been as well situated in relation to health as were the people in Lewisham. The difference is still greater if we take the children alone. The deaths of children under five years registered in London during the same period were 139,593. If the mortality had not been higher than in Lewisham, the deaths would have been 80,632. So that 58,961 children under five years of age died in the seven years that would not have died if they had been under the sanitary conditions ordinarily found in the rural districts. A great many facts of a similar nature might be cited, but these will answer as specimens. One would think that they are sufficiently appalling to awaken very earnest inquiry on the part of the inhabitants of cities, which would, of course, result in determined action. But the subject seems to meet with but little attention except with a few, who find it hard work to bring about any effective measures of prevention.

What now are the causes of this great difference between town and country? There are some significant facts which bear on this question. We will cite but a single one from the city of New York. In the weekly report of the Registrar of Vital Statistics, made some little time since, it is stated that in the Fifteenth Ward, where cleanliness prevails, the death-rate was but 1 in 8524 of the inhabitants; while in the First, Fourth, Sixth, and Tenth wards the rate was 1 in 1771; and in the Sixth, taken by itself, it was as high as 1 in 987. In this latter case the mortality is more than eight times as great as in the Fifteenth Ward. If we look at such facts in connection with comparisons made between cities and the country districts, we come to the conclusion that *the sanitary difference between the different parts of a city is often greater than that between the city, taken as a whole, and any portion of the country.* In the comparison we have cited between the Sixth and the Fifteenth wards in New York the difference in mortality is more than twice as great as that cited between London and Lewisham.

Such facts as these point to the grand source of the excess of mortality in the city. It is impure air, rendered so by human filth—we say *human*, including both that which comes directly from the person and that which appears in the surroundings. Some other causes operate, it is true, but this is the chief cause. It is the gaseous emanations from accumulated filth that originate to a great extent many of the most fatal of our prevalent diseases, and aid most decidedly in the diffusion and intensification of those which come from some specific cause. Very truly then did Dr. JAMES JOHNSON say of impure air, in his testimony before the commission of the British Parliament, "Ague and fever, two of the most prominent features of the malarious influence, are as a drop of water in the ocean when compared with the other less obtrusive but more dangerous maladies that silently disorganize the vital structure of the human fabric under the influence of this deleterious and invisible poison."

There are noxious exhalations in the country, for there is a lack of sanitary carefulness there as well as in the city. But there is no such concentration of filth as there is in a crowded city, and impurities in the air are readily diffused and carried off. There is a merciful provision for our safety in this diffusion of gases among each other. Though a noxious gas may be of greater specific gravity than the air, it does not remain quietly underneath the air, as water does under oil, but, from the general disposition which gases have to mingle together, it pervades the air, its diffusion being hastened by every agitation of the atmosphere, and thus, under all ordinary circumstances, it becomes quickly diluted. But if it be generated largely, and in pent-up places, the opportunity for its dilution by the air is restricted, and it acts upon the human system in a more or less concentrated form.

But it is to be remembered that a family who are cleanly in their persons and surroundings may have disease inflicted upon them by the uncleanliness of their neighbors. The diffusion of the unhealthy emanations may not be effectual in their case. So also a cleanly portion of a city may suffer from the uncleanly portions. The farther it is remote from them the better, for the greater is the dilution of the poison.

The above facts and considerations show what power ought to be given to sanitary law and to the officers who are to execute it. Men have no more right to send forth poison into the air than they have to throw poison into wells, and the strong arm of the law should restrain and punish in the one case as well as in the other. This principle is recognized to some little degree, but in view of the great mortality which results from the impure air that is especially present in the most crowded portions of our cities, it ought to be pushed in its application far beyond what it has ever yet been. There ought to be a wider interpretation of the meaning of the word nuisance, and a more stern and thorough action in abating the smaller as well as the larger nuisances. More injury is inflicted by the numberless small ones than by the comparatively few large ones.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

A BLOODY riot occurred at Rogersville, East Tennessee, on Tuesday, during a meeting at which Emerson Etheridge was speaking. Two men were killed, and seven mortally and thirty slightly wounded. On the same day a negro who shouted in the streets of Knoxville for Governor Brownlow was shot down and killed. On July 25, while General Frank Blair of Missouri was addressing an Etheridge meeting a fight commenced in which eight or ten shots were fired and two negroes wounded. On learning these facts two hundred negroes, at the time in attendance at a meeting at the colored church, formed in procession, and were proceeding to the scene of disturbance when they were met by the agent of the Freedmen's Bureau and the police, and were persuaded to desist, thus preventing a bloody riot. It is a singular and significant fact that in the various riots which have occurred in Tennessee only negroes have been injured.

The Board of Registration at Augusta, Georgia, lately ordered all employers to notify their employés of the presence of the Board under penalty of the law as administered by a military commission.

In the South Carolina Republican Convention on July 23, a resolution proposing a colored candidate for Vice-President was voted down.

The people in some of the counties of Virginia are actively canvassing the policy of cutting up their large plantations into small farms and offering them for sale or rent, for the purpose of inducing immigration.

NEWS ITEMS.

Captain Pestchouroff, of the Russian Imperial Navy, who has been commissioned by the Czar as Special Envoy, to hand over the newly-acquired territory of Russian America to the United States, arrived at New York on July 24. Brigadier-General Rousseau, United States Army, has been commissioned by our Government, and both Commissioners are to depart at an early day for Sitka.

A cargo of twenty-three coolies arrived at New Orleans from Havana on July 25, and several others, who had arrived previously, were already at work on the plantations. The Attorney-General is preparing instructions for the District Attorneys on the subject.

Table Rock at Niagara is no more. The last of it was blown away on July 26.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE unfortunate Archduchess Carlotta, widow of Maximilian, is still so insane that her physicians lately advised, as a dernier resort, that she be removed from Miramer to Belgium, in the hope that the scenes of her childhood might have a soothing effect on her mind. She accordingly left Miramer on July 24.

Joseph Mazzini has joined Garibaldi in his enterprise for the liberation of Rome; and the two are making it a sort of holy crusade to wrest the city from the hands of the Papists.

Omar Pasha, on July 25, officially reported the suppression and end of the Candian insurrection.

By the orders of the British war office a trial of the American 15-inch Rodman gun was had on July 25 in presence of a number of naval and military officers and experts. It was proved by the tests to which the gun was submitted that no iron or steel armor yet invented is capable of resisting its shot.

Two military conscripts of Prussia lately embarked on board an American vessel just about to sail from the port of Bremerhaven. The Prussian authoriti[illegible] threatened to open the batteries on the ship if [illegible] men were not given up. The captain surrende[illegible] them.

THE CAMP-MEETING AT SING SING.

CAMP-MEETINGS are an outgrowth of Western life. They harmonize most perfectly with the traits of early Western civilization. When churches are few and far between, and withal too contracted in their dimensions to accommodate large congregations, a religious service in a grove is both natural and becoming. Originating among the Presbyterians of Kentucky, in the early part of the present century, the camp-meeting has been adopted universally by the Methodists, who have utilized it with their accustomed energy. There are probably several hundred such meetings held by Methodists every year. The numbers in attendance vary from five hundred to five thousand persons, and the tents from fifty to five hundred.

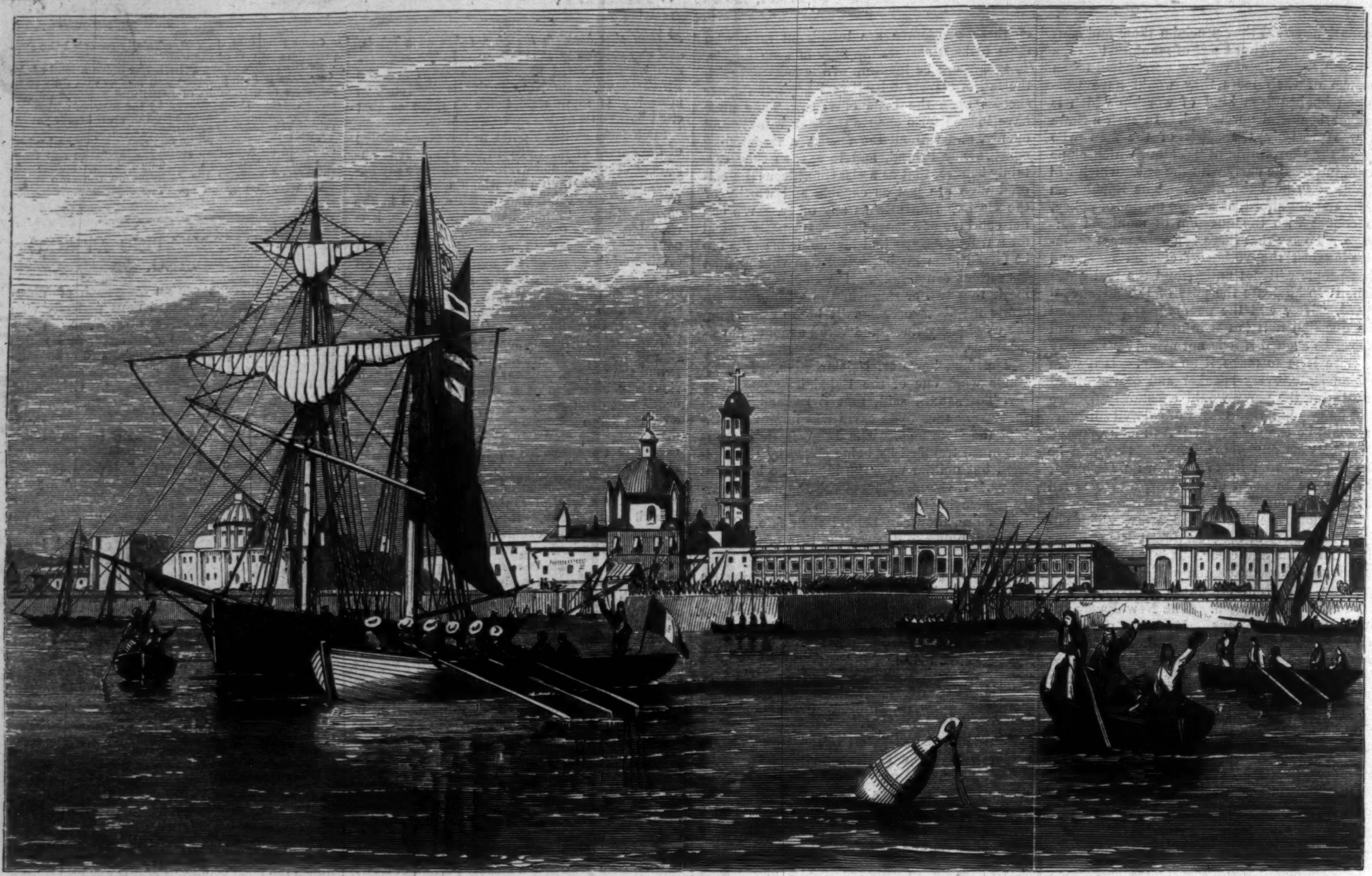
The spot once selected, seats of rough board are provided for the congregations expected to assemble; around the seats the tents are pitched, two, three, or four rows deep, with avenues between. Facing the congregation is the preachers' stand. Lamps are hung from the tree-branches for the night-services; in the mountain regions altar-like structures, about six feet in height, covered with earth, and on the earth fires of resinous wood, light up the encampment. The flicker of the flames from these fires will at night give a weird, unearthly aspect to the preacher and his congregation.

As might be surmised, camp-meetings have called forth some of the finest displays of oratorical power, and have given occasion to some scenes of no little extravagance. The great preachers of the Methodist denomination, BASCOM, MAFFITT, FISK, OLIN, DURBIN, and others less known to fame, have at these gatherings made the highest exhibitions of their powers, and have produced the most wondrous effects upon their hearers. Some of the traditions of camp-meeting preaching would hardly be accepted as sober history, and yet they are as well authenticated as any facts of American social life. The jerks which raged in the West years ago with the fury of an epidemic, the falling of men senseless, and the milder phenomena of congregations unconsciously drawn from their seats, and gathering *en masse* about the fervid orators, are incidents of camp-meeting life well known in American religious history. They only show that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

The frontiersmen of the West have felt the civilizing power of camp-meetings. Many of them, who would never of their own free-will go to a church, have in the woods heard the elementary truths of Christianity, and have been won over to a better life. The early Methodist preachers had at their camps many rough encounters with the ruder elements of Western society; for the meetings were conducted according to strict method, and their rules very sternly enforced. The veteran CARTWRIGHT lives yet to tell gleefully his adventures of this sort. The militant feeling entered largely into the original conception of the meeting. The camp was a battle-ground; the services were a series of contests between sin and godliness; and the old preachers usually expected to conquer the rude and uncultured masses, who gathered from far and near, some to see what was going on, some to meet old acquaintances, and some for deviltry. CARTWRIGHT has been known to complain that the late President LINCOLN, his old antagonist in politics, was always the preferred lawyer for the disturbers of camp-meetings in the County of Sangamon, Illinois. Whether this was strictly a fact or only a prejudice of CARTWRIGHT's we have no means of knowing.

In the South the negroes gave in former years an additional piquancy to camp-meeting exercises. In obedience to the proscriptive law of Southern society, their tents were placed *behind* the preacher's stand, and the preacher presented his back to them as he delivered his message to his white congregation. Occasionally he would turn toward his sable hearers as they sat, eager and expectant, and drop them a few animated words. If he made a good hit they would respond most vociferously. But when white people's preaching was over the negroes would have their own meeting, which they carried on in their own way. Gathered in a compact mass about one or two old leaders, keeping time to the song with hands and feet, and swaying their bodies, not ungracefully, in unison with its strains, they would make the woods fairly ring again. Their rich voices seemed never to wear out; through the afternoons, and far into the night, their melodious music would float above all other sounds. In these altered times the negro will doubtless, in the South, come around to the front and will face the preacher. Sambo will not be stowed now behind the preaching stand. Has not "Massa LINKUM" made him free? Is he not a man, and we were going to say "brother?"—but we will correct ourselves and write voter.

But times change, and men change with them. The camp-meeting, which was once a militant affair, has become of late in the Eastern States a vast picnic under wholesome regulations. The favorite gathering-place for New England Methodists is Martha's Vineyard. Here, close by the sea-shore, are erected, instead of tents, tidy cot-



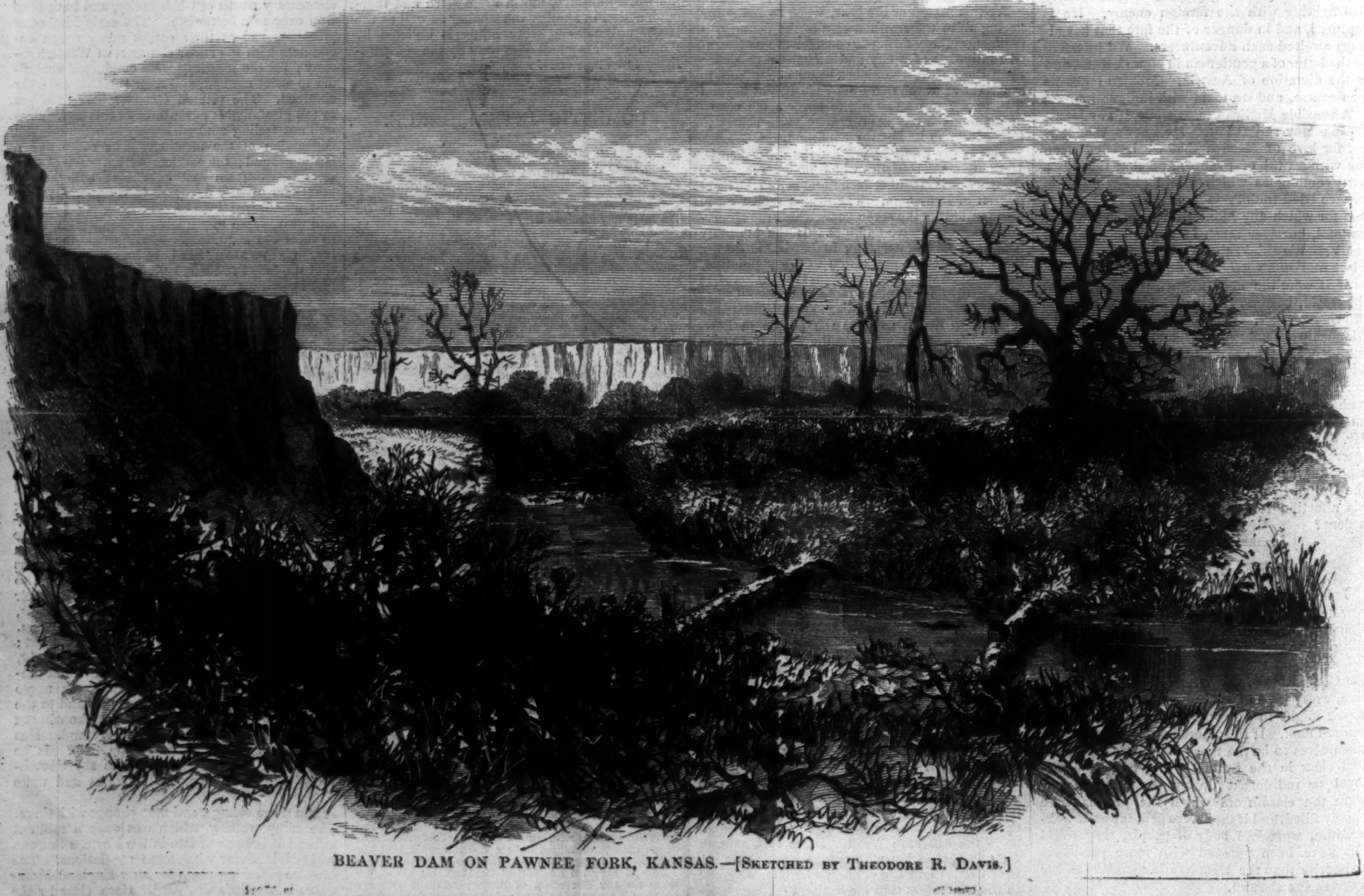
THE CITY AND PORT OF VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.—[See First Page.]

tages, which are fitted up and furnished after the tasteful New England fashion. Of these and the public tents for church-meetings there are often five hundred in all. The stands and seats are built for permanent use. Many owners of cottages occupy their rustic homes several weeks before the time appointed for the services; boating, bathing, fishing, and croquet afford them pleasant recreations. The managers, who own the grounds, maintain a strict police, and this, with the staid habits of New Englanders, renders the preservation of the best order perfectly easy. Several summers ago an enterprising Yankee published a daily newspaper on the camp-ground; in fact, in all the arrangements there is an evident study of comfort. The camp-meeting at Sing Sing, of which we give several sketches, showing the various phases of the gathering, is the favorite resort of New York Methodists. On the principal days the attendance numbers several thousand persons. While many go for recreation and fresh air, there is usually in attendance a number of earnest spirits, whose religious exercises are of the most fervid character. Often from fifty to sixty ministers may be seen present at one time.

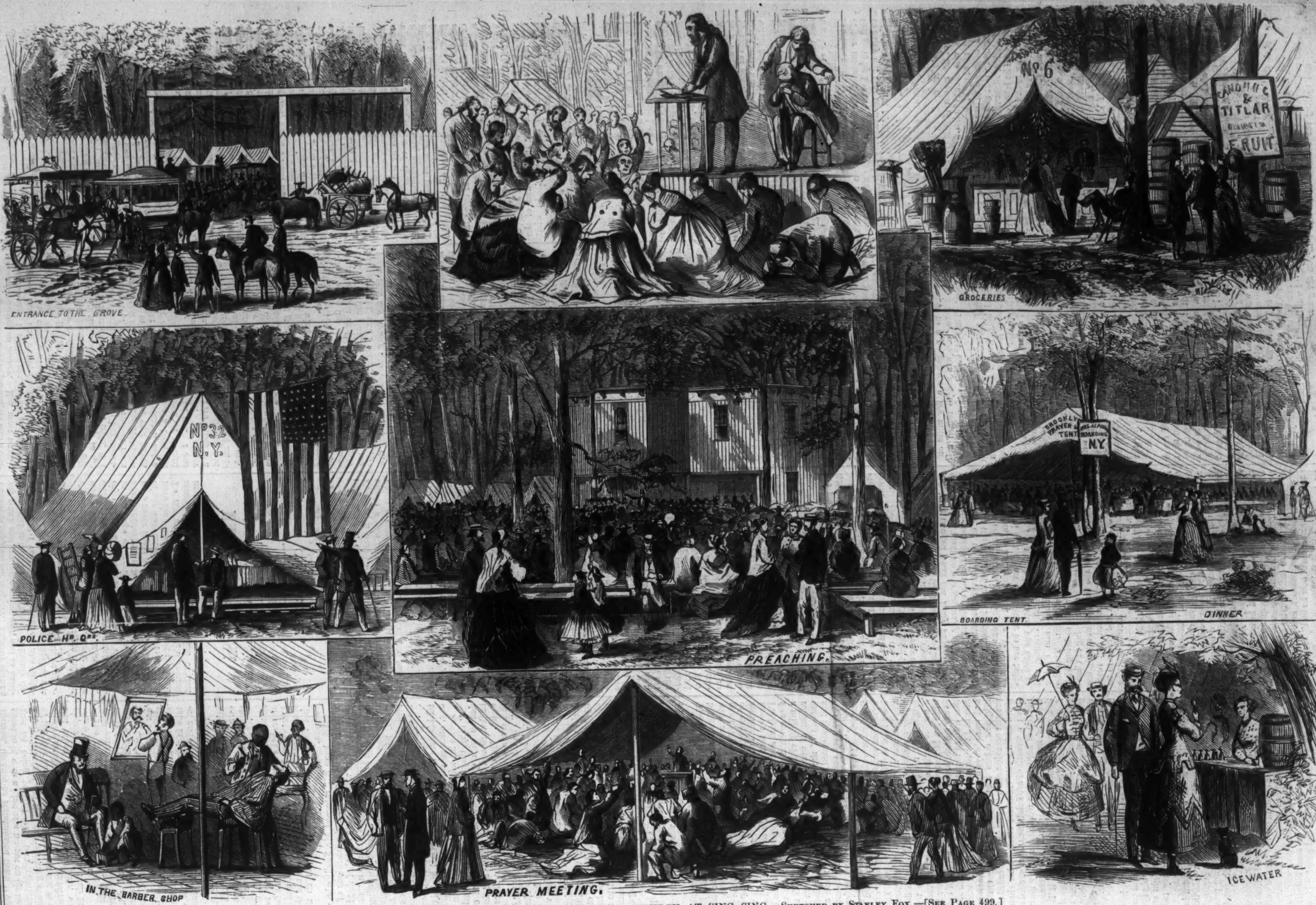
When it is considered that probably half a million of persons attend camp-meetings every summer, they may well be ranked among the striking phenomena of American life. No one who has not attentively observed them has fully studied American society.

BEAVER DAM.

Our artist in the Indian country sends us this week an interesting sketch from nature of a Beaver Dam on the Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas River. "The borders of the stream," he writes, "are thickly grown with willows such as the Indians use for making their head-mats and basket-work. The dams are strong, and so built that any overflow would not be likely to disturb them. The water is raised by them about a foot; near the dams the small shrubbery and branches are cut by the beavers. The spot is the favorite resort of the beavers; they seem to have selected it in preference to any point on the Pawnee Fork: there are three dams within a hundred yards, and the beavers make their homes here."



BEAVER DAM ON PAWNEE FORK, KANSAS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]


ENTRANCE TO THE GROVE.
No 6
TITLAR
&
FRUIT
GROCERIES
No 32
N.Y.
POLICE HD. QRS.
PREACHING.
BROOKLY
PRAYER
TENT
BOARDING
N.Y.
BOARDING TENT.
DINNER
IN THE BARBER SHOP
PRAYER MEETING.
ICEWATER

CAMP-MEETING OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT SING SING.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 499.]

HOW I FIRST MET MY WIFE.

It is just five years ago this summer that I was granted exemption for one month from my desk and went down with my chum, Horace Hyatt, to his father's in old Monmouth, the garden of that unjustly abused State, New Jersey. I should never have forgotten that visit, even though I had not there met with an adventure that had its influence on the whole future of my life. I should remember it for the real true hospitality of the Hyatts, for the solid old-time comfort of the farm, and the quiet way in which within a couple of days after my arrival I was put into possession of it, and made to feel that it all belonged to me, to do just what I pleased with. There were plenty of horses, and we rode; plenty of fish, and we fished; plenty of woodcock, and we shot. All this shall be spoken with a proviso. I say we, by which let it be understood that I do not mean Horace's two sisters, Carrie and Nettie, as having participated in all these sports. They rode, to be sure, and charmingly they did it; they fished, and I am obliged to confess were much luckier than their guest; but they did not shoot—though I shall not exult over their lack of this accomplishment; they were charming enough without it. I am sure I shall excite no jealousy by declaring that with one exception, which I shall not mention here, Carrie and Nettie Hyatt were the two most charming girls I had ever seen, and I was just hesitating as to which of them I should fall desperately in love with when my calculations were all disturbed by an accident, for so I suppose I must call it, though really seeming like a special providence. What this was I shall tell in the best way I know how.

For some days after my arrival at the farm my curiosity had been much excited by the occasional panegyric lavished by the young ladies upon a once school-fellow of their own, May Stevens by name, who was, according to their highly-colored account, the most perfect thing in the shape of a woman then living. I tried to persuade myself that nothing in that line could surpass Carrie and Nettie, but still the repetition of this May Stevens haunted me, and came like a shadow across my new-born passion. I formed at last an imaginary May Stevens, and do what I would the figure was still with me. At last I was worked into an agony of curiosity, and trembled with some great purpose which should bring before me the object of my thought and of the two sisters' continual conversation. In what this would have ended it is impossible for me at this time to say, had not I heard one morning as I entered the breakfast-room the startling words from Nettie:

"And so she is coming at last. I'm so glad!"

Whether it was that the train of my thought was upon that point at the moment or what I can not say, but I knew directly the whole matter. I saw Carrie with an open letter in her hand, and coupling it with Nettie's words I knew that the hitherto only heard-of May Stevens was about to become a reality. I had no need to ask questions; all the information was proffered. May Stevens, the incomparable May, was to spend a month at Hyatt's, and they were to expect her at any moment, though, as the letter read, she might not be down for a week to come. A week! It was an age, a century, and I was in a flutter of excitement. My long-standing passion of nearly two weeks' duration for Nettie and Carrie was forgotten in an instant, and my whole mind was absorbed in making the best figure possible before the new queen. With this idea I began to look into my wardrobe. I had come down with sufficient clothes to answer all ordinary purposes, including of course Nettie and Carrie, but the new goddess was certainly worthy of a new rig on my part, and certainly should have it. This resolution was made within fifteen minutes after hearing the announcement of her intended coming, and before two hours had gone by I was whizzing on my way to town to carry out that resolve. My choicest morsels of wardrobe should be offered on the shrine of May Stevens.

I had absented myself on the plea of a sudden memory of business neglected, and had faithfully promised Nettie and Carrie that the next day should see me down again at "Hyatt's" to stay out the month that May Stevens, the wonderful, was about to pass with them.

The racking of brain that day to create a grand *ensemble* of costume, something beyond all criticism that should at the first glance strike the beholder silent with admiration, was, indeed, terrible. The labor of writing "Paradise Lost" was nothing to it. It was early in the day when I arrived at my city rooms, and for six hours I dressed and redressed, compared, rejected, and selected, and at the end of that time I had laid out those portions of my wearable goods, in which I had decided to make my first appearance before May Stevens. It wanted still several hours to sunset, and having got safely through the great object of my visit, I thought it would not be a bad idea for me to take the last train, and return the same night to "Hyatt's," instead of waiting over until morning. No sooner said than done. I packed my habiliments, and away I went. Whizzing and puffing over an uninteresting road is provocative of sleep, so I found it when the shades of evening fell, for, to the best of my recollection, I was in the very midst of a dream in which May Stevens, attired in book-muslin and pale blue satin, sat on a purple cloud, and admiringly inquired who my tailor was. Just as I was about to inform her there came a crash, and, for a moment, I was not entirely certain whether it was the cloud that had exploded or myself had torn some portion of my apparel that was overstrained. It required but a moment to awaken me to the fact that both presumptions were wrong. It was our train, the 6.26, that had run off the track, smashing things generally, and spilling the contents of several baggage-cars along the road, to say nothing of frightening half a hundred passengers into a condition bordering on lunacy. But most terrible of all mishaps, it spilled me, clothes and all, into a pool of mud and water, from which I escaped with life, but utterly wrecked in the matter of good clothes. This was a pretty state of things; and to make it still worse, I was exactly five miles from my destination. I was disposed to make myself agreeable, and would have willingly rendered all the assistance in my power to the unprotected females of the wrecked train, if I had been in any condition to be seen; but, heartily ashamed of my appearance, I rushed from the scene and started for Hyatt's, the determination strong in my breast to reach that haven before daylight and get into a decent if not a stunning suit of clothes. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and verging close on toward eleven o'clock. That did not deter me. I was determined to walk over to Hyatt's. No sooner said than done. I set forth. Five miles is a trifle, particularly to a man in my condition, and just as my watch marked the quarter after midnight I marched up the lane that led to the house. There was a single light to be seen in the house, and that in my room; but as I approached near the house it disappeared, and the whole house was in darkness. My room-mate, Horace, had evidently just gone to bed. So much the better. I didn't want even him to see me in that plight. My bedroom windows looked out upon the roof of the piazza. I would not disturb the house by knocking—oh no, not a bit of it—a climb would settle the business. The thing was executed as soon as thought, and in a few seconds I stood on the piazza. What if Horace saw me in that plight, and I should be compelled to explain that my vanity had led me to walk five miles in the night, and scale a piazza to escape being seen? He would never get done joking me. No, he should not see me thus. In a few seconds, standing on the piazza, I divested myself of coat, vest, pants, boots, hat—ay! even of my shirt, and stood confessed a blushing Hyperion in under-shirt and drawers! Leaving the muddy clothes on the piazza, I put my hand to the window, which yielded, and I sprang into my own room. By the moonlight which streamed in I saw a figure in white, half standing half crouching by the bedside, with the covers of the bed drawn in front of it; and I laughed at the idea of Horace being frightened by my appearance. Immediately afterward I reflected that scaling the piazza of a farm-house at midnight, and forcing an entrance by a window *en deshabille* had rather an alarming, not to say burglarious aspect, and I therefore spoke with the intention of reassuring him, when a trembling and unmistakably feminine voice half screamed, half faltered,

"Who are you?"

There are such surprises as, without a terror, absolutely deprive us of the power of speech until the brain has time to act and reason. Such surprises do not generate screams and faints. They are expressed by open mouth and silent wonder. This was the case with myself and my room mate. Right by my side, with her face within three feet of my own, stood a young woman, not more than seventeen, with great, dark hazel eyes, and such great masses of brown curls tucked away under the neatest little night-cap that ever was. She had gathered the bed-clothes, with a spasmodic jerk, up about her throat, and with the most rigid, astonished look, as though doubting whether she was sleeping or waking, gazed steadily in my eyes, and repeated her question,

"Who are you?"

I blurted out with,

"How came you here?"

The figure stared still in speechless astonishment; but in a moment, as though awaking from its stupefaction, spoke—

"Are you Charles Morgan?"

"Yes," was my rather subdued answer.

"Well, then, Mr. Morgan," said the figure, by this time speaking as calmly and quite as dignified as though in the drawing-room, "I am May Stevens, and I was put into this room last evening after an unexpected arrival. Horace had gone over to a neighbor's a few miles off before I got here, and was not to return until morning. That is how I was put in this room."

So here was I, vis-a-vis to Miss May Stevens, that mythical lady, for the first meeting with whom I intended to have got up such superlative toilet, and she in her night-cap, and I in my drawers—a nice style of introduction, and a nice style of toilet! And she by this time was as cool as the 31st of December, and stood looking me right in the eyes as I made some scrambling explanation of my being found in that most extraordinary situation and costume! It was a lame explanation, wonderfully mixed up with irrelevant matter, and stammered and stuttered through in a way that should have disgusted any sensible person. She seemed to be seriously pondering and thinking during the recital, and at its end, looking at me as though asking the most simple question in the world, said,

"What's to be done?"

"Let me jump out of the window, as I came in," I said, in a sickish tone of voice; and then reflecting that it would never do to put on these clothes again, nor to stroll about the farm as I was, I as hastily exclaimed:

"No! no! I won't go. I must have a decent suit of clothes. I won't go without 'em," and I began looking round for my trunk.

While I was doing so I heard a noise behind me, and turning quickly round saw she had sprang into bed and was dragging the clothes about her up to her neck.

"You must dress yourself and go away," she said. "I will lie still with my head covered until you are gone."

And so she did, burying her head in the bed-clothes to suppress her laughter. I hastily opened my trunk and got out another suit, and as hastily arrayed myself in it. Then I as hastily departed, and I venture to say without the slightest fear of dispute that no man ever sneaked out of his own room more stealthily or more ignominiously than I did.

That morning we met, May Stevens and I, at the breakfast-table. I in the character of the newly arrived, and were formally introduced, during the ceremony of which we astounded every one present, and planted a thorn of wonder in the sides of Nettie and Carrie, by bursting simultaneously into a hearty laugh, which we have never failed to repeat whenever the memory of our first meeting comes up. And now you have the whole story of how I first met my wife. To my mind there hasn't been such another meeting since the memorable occasion of that first one in Eden.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book III.

CHAPTER IX.

A SUCCESS.

Soft you now;
The fair Ophelia.

Among the notabilities of the gentry in the neighborhood of Kilclare was a certain Lady Popham, a wealthy and eccentric widow, who owned a fine estate, one of the park gates of which opened into the high-road that led from Ballyhacket to Kilclare. Lady Popham had resided many years abroad, chiefly in Italy, with her husband, a languid, invalid, fine gentleman, who found, or fancied, that a southern climate was necessary to his existence. Her ladyship had consequently been an absentee for a very long period. On Sir Bernard Popham's death, however, his widow returned rich and childless to Ireland, and announced her intention of residing permanently on her Kilclare estate. At first her advent occasioned a great deal of talk and excitement among her country neighbors. Lady Popham's peculiarities were the theme of conversation at most dinner-tables around Kilclare for some weeks. Some were shocked, some angry, some amused by her oddities; but, by degrees, as the genuine goodness and warm-heartedness of her character became known, and as people became accustomed to her eccentricities, all that was odd, outré, or unusual, was set down simply to "foreign manners," and excused accordingly. And at the date of my story there was no more popular or respected individual in the county than old Lady Popham of Cloncoolin.

Lady Popham was known far and wide as a liberal, if not very intelligent, encourager of art and artists, and was a stanch patroness of the drama. She had already been twice to the theatre at Kilclare during the present season, and had on each occasion graciously signified to Mr. Moffatt her high satisfaction with the performances, all which was profitable and pleasant to the manager, and would have been quite perfect but for one unfortunate circumstance, which dashed his cup of content with bitterness. It had been observed that when Miss Moffat was singing that popular and touching ballad of the modern domestic school, entitled "Johnny left me in the lane," Lady Popham, after listening for a second or so, unfurled a very large green fan, behind whose ample shade she retired completely during the song, nor issued forth into the gaslight again until "Johnny" had finally left off leaving Miss Moffatt in the lane, when her ladyship emerged from obscurity with a cheerful countenance. This was certainly not pleasant; and poor Mr. Moffatt had to bear the brunt of his daughter's ill-humor and mortification. However, Lady Popham was too valuable a friend and supporter of the theatre for the manager to be able to afford to show any resentment at this slight to Miss Annette's vocal abilities; and he consoled the latter by saying that "nobody minded what old Lady Popham said or did," and that she was generally supposed to be "a little touched in the upper story."

Touched or not, however, it was very well known that the sight of the Cloncoolin liveries at the box-office in the morning was sufficient to fill the house at night; and Mr. Wilfred J. Percival had sent a sort of circular to her ladyship setting forth that his benefit was fixed to take place on the following Friday evening, and begging Lady Popham to honor him by her presence and support on the occasion. This she had promised to do, and moreover to bring with her a party of friends that were staying at Cloncoolin; and great was the excitement among the company as the evening approached, and rose-colored were the visions of cash and credit to be won, in the minds of manager Moffatt and the béneficiaire.

At Biddy Bonny's, too, the whole household was much interested in the forthcoming performance of Hamlet, and especially in the new Ophelia. Teddy Molloy, as he sat in the work-shop tapping away at the sole of a "brogue," held forth to his apprentices on the merits of the various Hamlets he had seen when he himself was a 'prentice in Dublin, and expressed his opinion that Miss Bell would be "the purtiest and illigantest Ophaylia" that had ever appeared on the boards of the Kilclare theatre. And the two apprentices related how they'd heard that Lady Popham and "heaps of the quality" were to grace the boxes with their presence. Even old Joe Bonny seemed to catch a faint reflex of the prevailing glow of excitement, and growled out sundry reminiscences of how he had "see'd 'Amlet acted nigh upon a matter of fifty year ago in England." He was sure it must have been Hamlet, because he remembered there "were a ghost in it, with a kind of a tin-pot on his head." But on being pressed with interrogations by Biddy, it turned out that this striking evidence of the play having been Hamlet was not so conclusive as old Joe supposed, for the performance had taken place at Bartholomew Fair, where ghosts—even ghosts with tin-pots on their heads—are known to have been numerous.

The rehearsals of the tragedy had gone off very satisfactorily. Mabel had indeed been a little surprised at the complicated and minute instructions given to her by Mr. Percival as to the exact spot on which she must stand during the scenes between Hamlet and Ophelia; when she must turn her head toward him, and when she must look away; how many steps she must take in this direction, and how many in the other, and so forth. But she endeavored to remember and comply with his injunctions.

"Percival's business in Hamlet is capital," said Mr. Snell, the low comedian. "All his own, too. I don't know another Hamlet on the stage with such business in the play scene."

"Sir," remarked Mrs. Darling, with much stateliness, "I do not admire it. I may be in error, but I deem that over-elaboration is a fault. I have seen John Kemble, in my youth, and Edmund Kean in his best days, and I do not think that they depended for their success on their business."

"Oh, hang it!" returned Mr. Snell (who was without any veneration for the traditions of the old school, and who professed his belief that half the famous actors of the past generation "would be jolly well hissed if they came bow-wowing on to the boards of the London stage nowadays"), "Oh, hang it! Mrs. Darling, one must have something new, you know. Can't keep on in the old grooves forever."

"What do they mean by Mr. Percival's capital business in Hamlet, aunt?" asked Mabel that day, after rehearsal.

Before his mother could reply, Jack began:

"Why, they mean that kind of Scotch reel he dances with every body, Mabel. In and out, backward and forward, up the middle and down again. He crosses the stage nineteen times in that scene with you. I counted them."

"The business of a part, Mabel," said Aunt Mary, "is, properly speaking, its dumb show, its pantomime. You know every one has his own ideas as to his movement and position with regard to the other characters."

"Pantomime with a vengeance!" exclaimed Jack, who was inveterate against the eminent tragedian "from the principal theatres, etc., etc." "He does every thing but tumble head over heels; and I shouldn't be surprised to see him do that before the evening's over. A somersault over Ophelia's grave would be striking and *new*. That's his great notion."

"Don't be severe, Jack; I don't like to hear it," said gentle, good-natured Aunt Mary.

But Mabel, in her heart, was inclined to agree with her cousin.

At length arrived the eventful Friday evening. The play was to begin at seven o'clock, and long before that hour the pit and gallery were filled with an expectant crowd. The boxes, too, began to show a sprinkling of visitors; and the gap of empty crimson benches in the centre of the semicircle attracted great attention; for it was known that those seats were reserved for Lady Popham and her party. About two minutes before seven the box-doors were thrown open with a mighty clatter, and the plunging of hoofs and rolling of wheels was heard coming up from the outside of the theatre. A gay party of ladies and gentlemen entered and took their seats, and in the very centre—for Sir Bernard Popham's widow had no idea of hiding her light under a bushel—sat the lady of Cloncoolin, looking about the theatre with a heavy gold eye-glass, and uttering her remarks upon every thing and every body in a shrill, penetrating little voice. Lady Popham was a very small fragile old woman of nearly seventy years of age; upright as a dart, bright-eyed, nimble-tongued, active. She wore a double range of false teeth, which seemed a little too large for her mouth, and made her lisp in her speech, and a jet black wig with stiff curls that framed her small wizened face on each side. She had the tiniest hands and feet in the world, and was always dressed in the richest stuffs and brightest colors that she could find. On the present occasion she wore an amber brocaded silk gown and a white cashmere cloak on her shoulders; a wreath of artificial roses was perched on the top of her wig, and trembled at every movement of her restless little head. A grotesque figure enough, one would say; and yet it is a fact that Lady Popham, however ridiculous she might appear, possessed that indefinable air of good-breeding which stamped her as a gentlewoman, and she could, moreover, assume when she chose a dignified, lofty bearing that was quite imposing.

On the evening of Mr. Percival's benefit, however, she was neither lofty nor dignified; but very good-humored and talkative, turning her big eye-glass hither and thither, and nodding right and left to her friends and neighbors as they took their seats around her.

Punctually at seven o'clock the orchestra began the overture. It was, of course, a selection of Irish airs, but newly chosen, and arranged by Mr. Trescott, who possessed, from long practice and experience, some skill in such patchwork.

"Jerry the Buck" figured in it as a matter of course; and the stamping of feet keeping time to it in the gallery overhead, made the theatre quiver until it seemed quite within the bounds of possibility that the flooring would give way, and a pair of corduroy-clad legs be seen hovering over Lady Popham's floral head-gear! However, no such disaster took place, and "Jerry the Buck" came to an end in due course, giving place to an old pathetic melody with a wailing burden to it in a minor key. Scarcely had the first few notes of it been played when the house was hushed into breathless silence. The air had been arranged as a violin solo, and the player was Alfred Trescott. Excited by the consciousness of performing to cultivated and attentive ears, the young man threw himself completely into the spirit of the music. Those exquisitely sympathetic tones, of which the violin alone, among instruments, has the secret, rose through the theatre with a sweet, sad yearning plaint that was inexpressibly pathetic. The tune was wild and irregular, like the sighing of the wind over some desolate place; and when, at its close, the last long-drawn note had died away, there was for a second profound and absolute silence throughout the house. Then burst forth a storm of applause, led by Lady Popham herself, who leaned over the front of the box daintily wiping her moistened eyes with a laced handkerchief, and strenuously beating her fan on the box-ledge with her other hand. "Bis, bis, bis!" cried her ladyship's shrill voice. "Make him play it again, somebody. Mais c'est charmant. E squisito. I'm perfectly astonished. *Why* don't somebody make him play it again?"

The whole audience having by this time joined in shouts of "Ankoor! ankoor!" accompanied by much clapping of hands and stamping of feet, and encouraging exclamations of "More power to ye! Give it us again, me boy! Sure it's yourself that can fiddle, any way," etc., Alfred repeated the air, terminating it this time by an improvised cadenza, with a long-drawn shake at the end of it, which raised even still greater enthusiasm.

The applause had scarcely yet subsided when the curtain rose upon the platform of the castle at Elsinore, and the tragedy of Hamlet fairly commenced. The play progressed smoothly and successfully. The hero of the night, Mr. Wilfred J. Percival, was received with all due recognition of his position as bénéficiaire. The new Ophelia was greeted on her first entrance with such unexpected heartiness as to destroy her self-possession for a time, and the first few words she had to say were nearly inaudible. But she soon recovered, and performed the rest of the scene with grace and sweetness. There was a stir of expectation throughout the theatre when Mabel entered for the mad scene, decked with wild flowers and straw, and with her rich dark hair falling disheveled about her shoulders. On coming to the theatre that evening she had found in her dressing-room a large basket full of natural wild flowers, woven into fantastic garlands with ivy and creeping plants, and on the top was laid a scrap of paper, with these words, written in Corda Trescott's round childish hand:

> "Please, please to wear these to-night. Alfred gathered them this morning, and I have twisted them together all myself.
>
> "Your affectionate little friend,
>
> "Corda."

"Very kind and thoughtful, indeed, of young Trescott," said Aunt Mary; "and how prettily they are arranged."

"I suppose I can't refuse to wear them," said Mabel, musingly.

"Goodness, Mabel! Refuse? Of course not. Why should you?"

To this question Mabel had made no reply, and accordingly, when the time came for attiring her for the mad scenes, Mrs. Walton twined the wreaths in Mabel's hair, and looped them on to her white dress, and pronounced the effect to be quite perfect.

And a very charming and poetical picture of the distraught Ophelia she presented, as she stood in the centre of the stage, pouring out the snatches of song in a voice to which nervousness lent a touching tremor. The girl's fresh youth and natural refinement, and the unalloyed simple earnestness with which she had thrown herself into the character she was representing, made her seem the very embodiment of the poet's graceful fancy; and when she finally left the stage, after the last pathetic scene with Laertes, there were few eyes in the house undimmed with tears. In brief, the performance was a complete and unmistakable success.

Lady Popham was in ecstasies. She sent for Mr. Moffatt to come and speak with her after the conclusion of the play, and desired he would convey her best congratulations and thanks to Miss M. A. Bell, for the delight she had afforded herself and her friends. "And that charming creature that played the fiddle!" exclaimed Lady Popham. "Where *did* you pick up these two young artists, Moffatt? I tell you that boy is a genius; and I know something about the matter. I must have him out at Cloncoolin. What's his name? Trescott? Ah, well, I never remember people's names. Write it down and send it to me, will you? I shall be obliged to you. And look here, Moffatt, make that pretty, sweet, poetical Ophelia of yours take a benefit, and I'll promise to come and bring half the county. She is really delicious. You won't be able to keep her *here* very long, of course. You're prepared for that, eh? Well, make the most of her now, and let me know in good time about her benefit."

All the party from Cloncoolin followed her ladyship's cue, and Mr. Moffatt retired amidst a chorus of "Really charming. Quite delighted. So pleased. Does you great credit, Moffatt," and so forth.

"Well, Mabel, my darling child," said Aunt Mary, giving her niece a hearty hug and a kiss when they were all at home once more in the little sitting-room, "you've surpassed my expectations. It's all right now. Quite safe. You must get poor old aunty an engagement to play the Nurse to your Juliet, when you're a great actress in London, setting the town on fire."

"Oh, Aunt Mary!"

"Yes, to be sure you must. But in all seriousness, Mabel, I've no doubt in the world that Moffatt will gladly engage you for next season; and I think you are pretty sure of getting to Dublin for the winter."

Mabel went to rest with a thankful heart, and her last thought was of her mother and Dooley. Her last thought, but not her sole thought. There ran through her mind a lurking wonder as to what Clement Charlewood would say and think if he could have seen her as Ophelia. Whether he would have been pleased, or shocked, or indifferent.

"I'm afraid he disapproves of the whole thing so much that he would rather I was unsuccessful than the reverse," thought Mabel. "At least he would have felt in that way three months ago. Perhaps it might be different with him now—now that—other things are all different too!"

CHAPTER X.

LADY POPHAM'S LETTER.

"Why, goodness me, Aunt Dawson, look at this now! I declare here's a letter from my fairy godmother."

The words were uttered in a frank, ringing voice, and with the least touch of an Irish accent, and the speaker was Miss Geraldine O'Brien, first cousin to Augusta Charlewood's affianced husband. Miss O'Brien was a tall, elegant-looking young woman, whose finely-formed though somewhat massive figure was admirably set off by the closely-fitting riding-habit which she wore. Her face was not strictly handsome, but beaming with health and good humor, and lighted by a pair of merry intelligent blue eyes, and she had a great abundance of glossy chestnut hair bound tightly round her well-shaped head.

The inmates of Bramley Manor were assembled at an early luncheon, and the party consisted of the Charlewood family—including Walter, who was at Hammerham on leave of absence—Mrs. Dawson, with her son and niece, and the Reverend Decimus Fluke and his two elder daughters. Jane Fluke, indeed, was staying at Bramley Manor, for she was to have the distinguished honor of being one of Augusta's bridemaids, and was to remain in the house until after the wedding. Miss Fluke and her father had been invited to luncheon on this day, for an excursion had been arranged to some famous ruins about ten miles from Hammerham, and they had been asked to be of the party. At first it had been proposed to take refreshments with them and make a sort of picnic. But Mrs. Charlewood had strongly objected to this plan, saying that she never could enjoy her food out in the open air, and especially on the grass, where the insects swarmed over the dishes, and one never could use one's knife and fork comfortably. And as Mrs. Dawson seemed inclined to agree with this view of the case—although she by no means stated her reasons with the same downright simplicity as her hostess—the idea of the picnic had been abandoned, and it had been arranged that they should start for the ruins immediately after luncheon, and after rambling about there, return comfortably in the evening to dinner. Miss O'Brien, Walter, and Clement were to go on horseback, and therefore the former appeared at the table ready equipped in her riding-habit, which was to her the most becoming costume possible.

"A letter from my dear, delightful, ridiculous old fairy godmother!" exclaimed Miss O'Brien, gleefully, as she opened a letter which the servant had just brought in, together with a large packet of correspondence for Mr. Charlewood. "I hadn't heard from her for an age, and was getting quite uneasy about her, for her ladyship is generally the most indefatigable and voluminous of correspondents. She prides herself on her letters, and they certainly are capital fun."

"Her ladyship?" said Mr. Charlewood, pausing in the act of opening a large square blue business-looking envelope, and looking across at his guest. Mr. Charlewood caught at the sweet sound of the title as a hungry pike snaps at a bait. "Her ladyship, Miss O'Brien?" said he.

"Lady Popham, Mr. Charlewood. My godmother, and, I believe, some relative on my mother's side into the bargain. We consider ourselves quite close relations in Ireland, when, I suppose, you cold-blooded Saxons wouldn't make out that there was any kinship at all. But she is the most charming old woman to those she likes, bien entendu. I call her my fairy godmother, because she's so tiny, and so bright, and so odd, and because when I was a child she seemed always able and willing to bestow upon me whatever I took it into my head to desire, from a coral necklace to a Shetland pony."

Mr. Charlewood returned to the perusal of his blue business letter with a complacent smile on his face. It afforded him great pleasure to know that a young woman about soon to be connected by marriage with his family had a godmother who was called "my lady."

"What does Lady Popham say, Geraldine?" asked Mrs. Dawson, a thin fair woman dressed in widow's weeds—though her husband had been dead many years—and with a somewhat stiff cold manner.

"Oh, all kinds of things, Aunt Dawson. But I must decipher the letter myself before I can tell you much about it. You know she writes the queerest little cramp hand in the world, and her spelling is unique."

"Law dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Charlewood, with naïve astonishment, "you don't mean to say she can't spell? And she a lady of title too! 'Ow curious!"

Nobody responded to this little speech. But Penelope shot a glance at her mother across the table which had the effect of keeping the poor lady quiet for some time.

The conversation was carried on in groups of two and three. The Reverend Malachi Dawson and his fair betrothed sat side by side, but they were not talking with each other. Augusta was busily engaged in giving Jane Fluke an idea of her design for the bridemaids' dresses at the approaching ceremony, and the bridegroom elect was mildly listening to Mr. Fluke's exposition of the plan of the new school-house and chapel at Duckrell, an exposition which the elder clergyman illustrated by an utterly incomprehensible arrangement of all the plates, knives, and forks within reach of his hand, clattering steel, silver and china together with his accustomed vehemence, and twisting his napkin into a wisp with both hands in the heat of his discourse.

Of the rest, Mrs. Charlewood and Miss Fluke were discussing the last new curate of St. Philip-in-the-Fields, Walter was relating to Mrs. Dawson some anecdote intended to impress her with an idea of the brilliant social position of his most intimate and particular friend, the Honorable Arthur Skidley, recently appointed Aide-de-camp to his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Mr. Charlewood and Miss O'Brien were absorbed in their respective letters. Clement alone sat silent and unoccupied. His chair was placed next to that of the Irish girl, and he had paid her all the due attention which such neighborhood demanded, but now he remained quite silent, looking straight before him with an absent, musing expression that had latterly become habitual with him.

Suddenly Geraldine O'Brien looked up from her letter.

"Does any body know a Hammerham young lady of the name of Bell?" said she.

The question, although couched in this general form, was addressed more particularly to Clement, Miss O'Brien having perceived him to be the only disengaged member of the party.

"A Hammerham young lady of the name of Bell?" repeated Clement, smiling; "why, my dear Miss O'Brien, there may be fifty Hammerham young ladies of the name of Bell?"

"So there may, to be sure—or five hundred; but I'm asking do ye happen to know one particular one?"

"Bell! Bell! N-no; I think not. One of the bricklayers in my father's employ is called Bell, I think, and he has a large family of daughters. But it is scarcely likely to be one of those young ladies that you're inquiring about."

"Ah, now be aisy wid yer nonsense," said Miss O'Brien, with a comical little assumption of the brogue which it pleased her now and then to indulge in among intimate friends. "I'm asking you a serious question, Mr. Clement Charlewood."

"Well, then, seriously, I, at all events, do not know any young lady of that name."

"Humph! It's odd too, for she is mentioned as having been a friend of the Charlewood family."

"What are you saying, Geraldine?" asked Mrs. Dawson, who had caught her niece's last words.

"Why, aunt, it's the funniest thing in the world; quite a romance. Dear fairy godmother always does get hold of the most wonderful people. See here now, I'll just read you a bit of the letter. You must know, Mr. Charlewood," said Miss O'Brien, turning to Clement, "that Lady Popham is, as she says herself, 'fanatica per la musica.' Indeed, she is passionately fond of all kinds of art, especially the musical and dramatic, and when she was living at Naples, I believe she always had her house full of fiddlers, painters, singers, and actors. Wonderful geniuses, whom she flattered herself she was destined to reveal to the world; but who, I think, for the most part, turned out lamentable failures."

Miss Fluke here gave vent to a most extraordinary sound, that began in a groan and ended in a snort, and shook her head in a solemn and lugubrious manner.

"Oh, well, Miss Fluke," said Geraldine, quickly—for she and the clergyman's daughter had already had one or two somewhat sharp passages of arms—"I don't see any thing to distress one's self about in that, after all. Lady Popham was always generous and charitable, and I'm quite sure that she did more good than harm on the whole. However, I was going to say that my godmother writes me here six crossed pages of raptures about two young artists whom she has picked up in—Kilclare of all places in the world! Just fancy! Here's what she says," and Miss O'Brien began to read aloud from her godmother's letter: "'My young Paganini came out here to Cloncoolin a fortnight ago. I sent for him to a little soirée I got up of a chosen few. People who have some faint glimmering of an idea about art. Most of the dear souls here haven't any glimmering. The lad played divinely. I tell you so, and tu sais bien que je m'y connais! I mean to get him to town, where he must make furore! He's such a handsome animal too. Ma come! Well, and then I made him talk to me, and tell me all about his prospects and his family. He spoke a good deal about that delicious Ophelia I've been describing to you. I can see that he admires her desperately, and, in short, I have made up a charming little romance, to end as all orthodox romances should end. Basta.'

"How like fairy godmother that is!" said Miss O'Brien, interrupting her reading for a moment.

"She's terribly impulsive," said Mrs. Dawson, icily, shutting her thin lips close. Mrs. Dawson, at all events, was not impulsive.

"Well, but now I'm coming to the point of the letter," said Miss O'Brien, "so please read on: "'Ophelia—who is perfectly poetical—comes from the most thoroughly unpoetical spot on the face of the globe—Hammerham.'"

"Law! well now, I do think her ladyship's rather 'ard on 'ammerham," Mrs. Charlewood ventured to observe, in a timid voice.

"'Hammerham,'" continued Miss O'Brien; "'and I want you, Geraldina mia, to find out all about her. She's a most interesting creature; has a striking air of bon ton, and shines among her camarades de théâtre like a silver star beside the flare of tallow-candles. You can easily hear of her, for Alfred Trescott, my handsome fiddler, says she was a great friend of the—oh dear me, I never remember names, but I know he mentioned those people—'" Miss O'Brien stumbled a little here, and colored; then she proceeded in a rather hesitating manner; "'the family of the lady that your cousin Malachi is going to marry.'"

We, who have the privilege of peeping over her shoulder, can see that Miss O'Brien omitted a phrase or two, and altered another, in her godmother's letter, and that Lady Popham's words really ran thus: "those rich bricks-and-mortar people that Mrs. Dawson has got hold of for your cousin Malachi."

"Well," said Geraldine, looking round the table, for during the last few minutes every one had been attending to her—"well, can't any body guess who this mysterious Miss Bell may be?"

"As true as I'm sitting 'ere," cried Mrs. Charlewood, struck with a sudden conviction—"I do believe it must be Mabel Earnshaw under another name!"

There was a dead silence, and Geraldine O'Brien, glancing at Clement, saw that he had turned white even to the lips.

"Then it is true," said Geraldine, addressing Mrs. Charlewood, "this young lady *is* a friend of your family?"

Before her mother could reply Augusta struck in with her most disdainful manner:

"She *was* a friend, Geraldine. That is to say, we used to receive her here, and take a good deal of notice of her at one time. But now, of course, you understand that we can have nothing more to say to her. Indeed, I may say, she got into the Manor on false pretenses in some measure. For, had I known at first who and what her family and connections were, I should never have thought of—" And Augusta leaned back in her chair with a languid haughty gesture that said as plainly as possible that she could not be at the pains of pursuing so very contemptible a subject.

"Why not? What has she done?" said Miss O'Brien, fixing her frank bright eyes upon Augusta's face. This was too much for Miss Fluke, who had been snorting and panting and swelling with suppressed indignation for some time past, and who now burst forth with irrepressible vehemence:

"What has she done? She has disgraced herself and discredited the precious evangelical teaching that she was so highly privileged as to enjoy! She has forsaken a Christian home, where strict piety was combined with the instruction of the first professors, to join the society of—of—rogues and vagabonds. In a word, she has chosen the path of perdition with her eyes open!" And Miss Fluke, as though to illustrate her forcible phraseology, opened her own eyes very wide indeed and glared round upon the company.

The Reverend Malachi Dawson, to whom Miss Fluke was a quite new phenomenon, stared at her with timid astonishment depicted on his mild countenance; and when, in making the circuit of the table, her eye lighted upon him, he made an involuntary shrinking movement, like that of one who tries to avoid an expected blow.

"The carriages are at the door, ma'am," announced a servant to Mrs. Charlewood. Every one rose immediately, and the interruption was felt to be a most welcome one, for there was a sense of uneasiness and of something vaguely disagreeable hanging over all present; an effect, indeed, which any ebullition of Miss Fluke's eloquence was pretty sure to produce on her hearers.

"Fairy godmother's letter seems to have burst among us like a bomb-shell," said Geraldine O'Brien to Walter, as she stood putting on her gauntlets and waiting for her horse to be brought up to the door. Walter colored and smiled uneasily. The weak vulgar vanity, which was his besetting foible, made him dread to compromise the family dignity in Miss O'Brien's eyes by saying any word in defense of Mabel, whom he really liked, and thereby confessing a too intimate friendship with a person in a social position which he looked upon as so infinitely inferior to his own. But there was yet a spark of manliness in the lad which made him ashamed of his cowardice.

"Where's your brother?" said Miss O'Brien, looking round for Clement as the groom led her horse up.

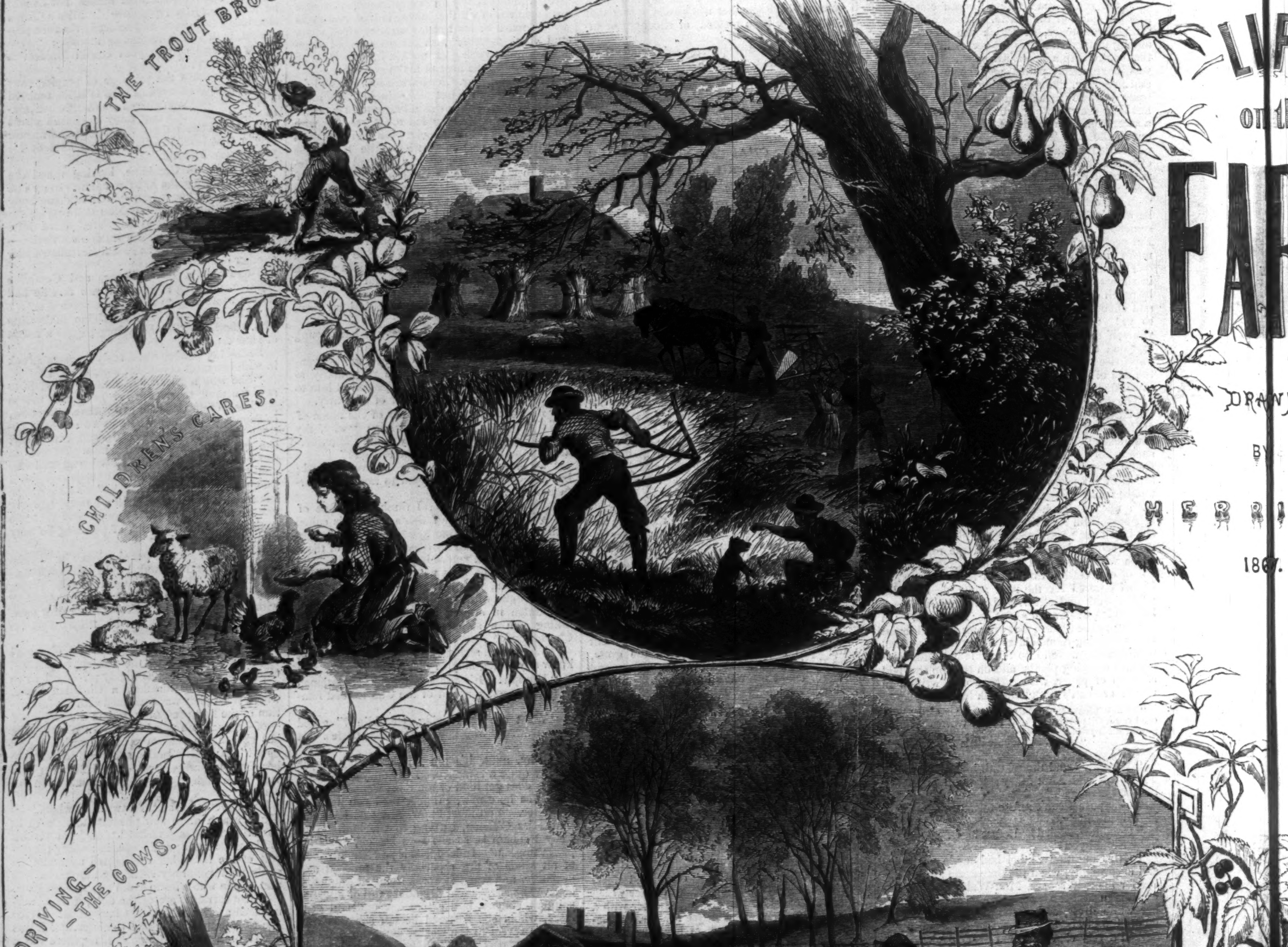
"Oh, please, miss," said the man, touching his hat, "Mr. Clement's best compliments, and would you kindly excuse him for the present? He won't be able to go to the party, but will ride out and meet you in the evening coming home, if he can."

Miss O'Brien put her foot into Walter's palm, and sprang neatly into the saddle.

"The old story," said Walter, as they rode side by side down the avenue. "Clement's got some business or other at the last minute, that keeps him at Hammerham. The fact is, the governor's business is on so vast a scale," added Watty, boastfully, "and Clem is such a fellow for sticking to work and seeing to every thing himself, that we look upon it as quite a wonder when he goes out even as much as he has been doing lately."

"I don't believe it's business one bit," said Geraldine O'Brien to himself, remembering Clement's changing color and disturbed face. "Fairy godmother, fairy godmother, I'm afraid you have innocently been doing a little mischief! And yet, who knows? It may all turn out for the best, after all."

And for some quarter of an hour the gay-hearted, buoyant Irish girl remained in a very unwonted mood of silence and contemplation.


REAPING
THE TROUT BROOK.
CHILDREN'S CARES.
DRIVING—THE COWS.
PLOUGHING.
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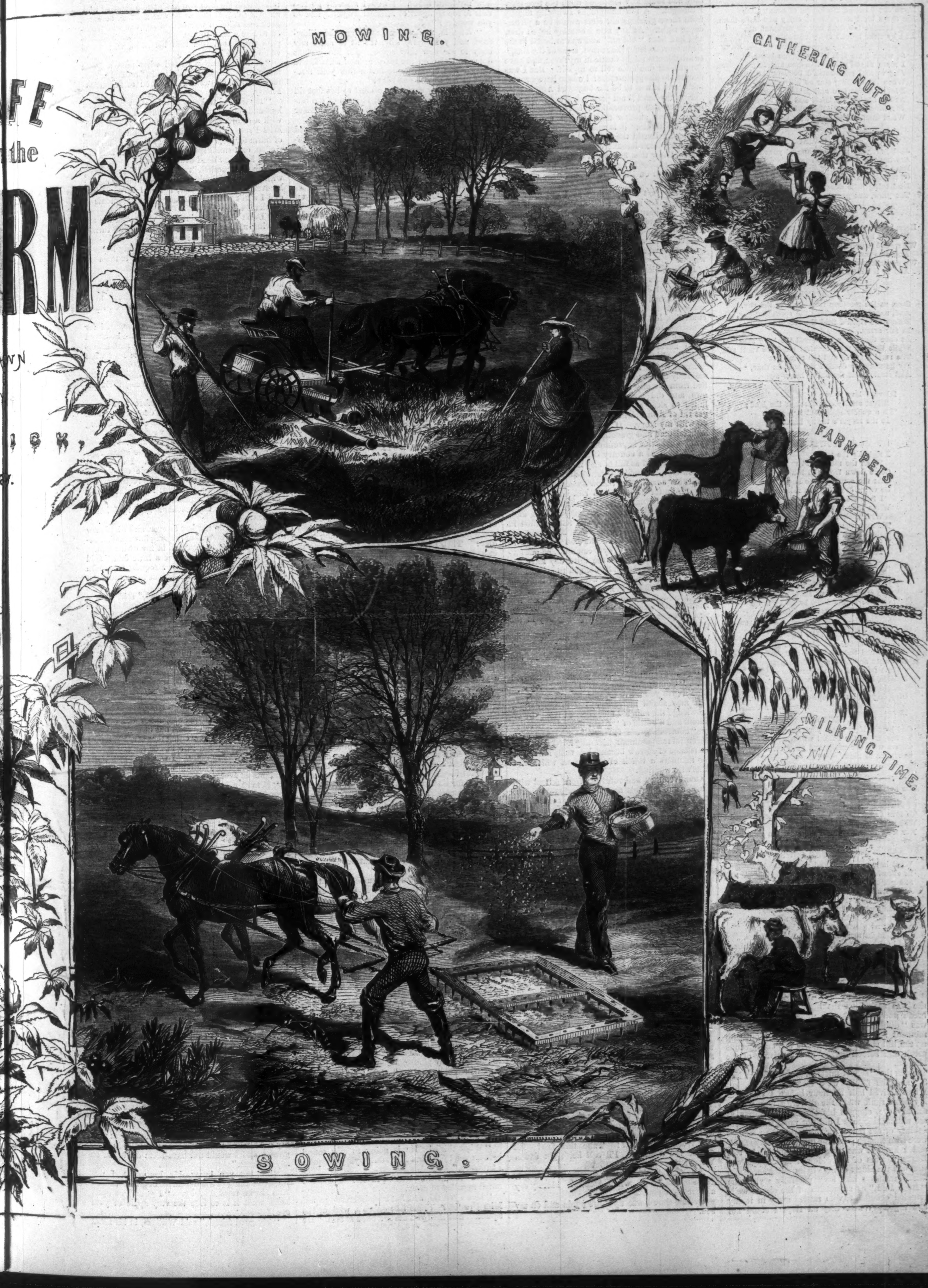

FE
the
RM
MOWING.
GATHERING NUTS.
FARM PETS.
MILKING TIME.
SOWING.

LIFE ON A FARM.

[*See pages* 504 *and* 505.]

None can describe the sweets of country life
But those blest men that do enjoy and taste them.
They breathe the fresh and uncorrupted air,
And by clear brooks enjoy untroubled sleeps.
May.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines,
When the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man—
At the Sophist's schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?
Emerson.

PLOWING.

——Some, with whom compared your insect-tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
Of mighty war, then, with unweary'd hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plow, and greatly independent lived.
Thomson.

SOWING.

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,
We sow but to reap, for the soil is our own:
We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
And care not a fig for the king on his throne;
We never know want, for we live by our labor,
And in it contentment and happiness find.
Morris.

REAPING.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand
In fair array.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest
Fly harmless to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Thomson.

I love, I love to see
Bright steel gleam through the land;
'Tis a goodly sight, but it must be
In the reaper's tawny hand.
Eliza Cook.

MOWING.

I sigh for the time
When the mowers at morn
Come down from the hill
At the sound of the horn;
Or when dragging the rake
I follow'd them out,
While they tossed the light sheaves
With their laughter about;
Through the field, with boy-daring,
Barefooted I ran,
But the stumbles foreshadowed
The path of the man.
Read.

ANGLING.

I in the flowery meads would be:
These crystal streams should solace me,
To whose harmonious, bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice.
Isaac Walton.

DRIVING THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars again;
Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the morning wind,
Cropping the butter-cups out of the grass.
Kate Osgood.

NUTTING.

Oh! happy, if ye knew your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields! whom nature's boon
Cheers with her smile, and ev'ry element
Conspires to bless.
Somerville.

FARM PETS.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
Cowper.

MILKING THE COWS.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labor while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
She never feels the spleen's imagined pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs;
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
Gay.

EAVES-DROPPING.

When I first saw Mrs. Ann Maria Applebee she was seated on the back door-step, eating bread and milk out of a nipperkin. Her face was "dimly seen and then withdrawn;" for the moment she espied the stage-coach lumbering up the hill she left her humble but conspicuous perch and betook herself to the privacy of the kitchen.

I was the "school-mistress" for "District No. 3," and the family were looking for me, but I had arrived half an hour before I was due. My heart sank when the driver, a man with a solitary eye, stopped his three-legged horse at the unhinged gate. I did not mind the general debility of the fence, for otherwise the premises were trim enough; but the house was very small, and I knew it was owned and occupied by two Beans, parents of the widowed Mrs. Applebee, who was the eldest of nine living children. The family mansion had been playfully styled the "Bean Pod," as suggestive of the eleven well-rounded occupants, who rattled away in it day and night. Where they all slept I could not conjecture, for the cramped cottage, with its low roof, gave small promise of chambers. Perhaps they had some airy locations upon the tree-tops, I thought. A few hammocks swinging nightly from those glorious old elms would be a picturesque sight. At any rate I humbly hoped that, as I had been "bid off," and was to board in the Bean receptacle for the season, some of the smaller inhabitants might vacate in my favor, and leave me at least one little cell to myself. But I was doomed to disappointment: I was to have a room-mate, and it was to be the bereaved Ann Maria.

Now my heart is not petrified, it can throb with pity upon due provocation; but if there is one thing above another that hardens me like the rock of Gibraltar it is make-believe woe. The moment I beheld the youthful relict hiding behind her pocket-handkerchief I knew what to expect. I saw that her liquid eyes were a couple of water-sluices in excellent repair, and that she could "turn on her tears" without the slightest exertion.

I knew just as well then as I did after the neighbors told me, that the deplored Jacob Applebee had been a disagreeable "drinking man," and that Ann Maria "never cared any great about him," feeling rather relieved than otherwise when he was drafted, and having no cause to mourn when a rebel's bullet made her a widow.

None the less, however, did she pour into my unwilling ears a tender romance concerning her "dear, dear Jacob;" and after we went to bed she continued his memoirs with an epitaph and appendix. I dropped off to sleep during the courtship, but was aroused at the wedding, and contrived to come in solemnly at the funeral. The last wail I heard was like this:

"I never can love another, not as I loved Jacob. Oh no, it is impossible!"

From which I concluded that she would not seriously object to trying the experiment. I had fled from the city to get away from a trial of my own, and did not enjoy the prospect of being lulled to sleep by such dirges. But I can not get rid of Ann Maria, for she has a great deal to do with my story. If I have not described her as handsome and graceful it is because her lachrymose behavior is prominent in my mind; but, really, she was a country belle, with a beautiful face and a head as full of airy nothings as a dandelion-top. I could see that she inwardly chafed under her unmitigated widow's weeds, and longed for the flutter of laces and ribbons. Not that she was an ingrain hypocrite. She only wished to do her duty as an affectionate relict, and, where real emotion failed, she felt justified in throwing in a dash of fiction. No doubt she sometimes wept to think she had no cause to weep. But the best of eyes can not hold out forever. She told me, on the third day after my arrival, that she should be obliged to control her feelings on account of the weakness of the optic nerve. I accepted the apology, and made her understand that I would cheerfully excuse her from further weeping. From that time she appeared quite composed, only giving way in the presence of company.

Her Uncle Nat, for instance, a sea-captain, and a man who could brave any brine except that of a woman's eyes, never came to the house but he found her in tears.

"I can't stand this," groaned the soft-hearted tar. "Come now, Ann Mari', if you'll stop crying I'll give you a five-dollar bill."

It may sound mercenary, but to my certain knowledge the afflicted niece earned two pairs of gaiters and a bottle of "Night-blooming Cereus" by "controlling her feelings." She was of a mercurial temperament, naturally hoydenish, and the silence of sorrow became her well, adding to her manners a touch of refinement which was otherwise wanting.

One evening I had returned from school with a headache, and just as I was coming down the snow-white but rickety stairs, to beg some hartshorn, I heard a man's voice at the front door; I seemed destined, while in this house, to overhear something continually.

"Can you tell me, Madam, how far it is to the nearest hotel?"

"Well, Sir, it's considerable scant of three quarters of a mile."

The question was simple, the answer simpler still; but I grew faint and sank breathless upon the lower stair. The gentleman's voice was a familiar one. I had not thought to hear it again in a long time, and certainly never at "District No. 3." Recovering myself, I gently latched the door, for I would on no account be discovered. But Fate had me in her own hands.

"Do tell," said Mrs. Bean, eagerly, "is it pictures of Lincoln you've got to sell? Miss Preston will want one, I know. Walk in and sit down. ('Sh, Bessie Bean! 'Sh right up!) She mourns for the President as my daughter mourns for her husband, and they both died the same day, which is an honor to Jacob, as I've often remarked."

"Miss Preston, did you say?"

"Yes, our school-mistress, and a likely girl too. Her father is some kind of a professor in some kind of a university."

"And her name, is it Grace?"

"Yes, Grace Preston, and they live at Dexter, near Sharon, 'way across the State. You ain't any acquainted with our school-mistress, Sir? Why, of all things! You don't say! Hush, Bessie, or mother'll put you in the closet."

"Well, yes, Madam, the name is familiar; I have been in Dexter."

"Well, really now! Take this fan! Sit nearer the window. I'll call her right down. What name did you say, Sir?"

A pause. "You need not mention my name. I am not much known in Dexter. Merely say a traveling agent."

By this time I was up stairs again and on my bed.

"Thank you for taking so much trouble to call me down, Mrs. Bean, but really you see how my head aches. I would scarcely go two rods to see an agent of Michael Angelo's, and do you wonder?"

"Why, la, no; you're as white as the pillow-case, and your eyes, why, it's fit to scare any body to see how they shine! I'll hurry right down and clap on the tea-pot; and what say to vinegar and brown paper laid across your forehead as hot as you can bear?"

The motherly soul gave no rest to her feet till I was partially relieved, and, in spite of the rattling of the Beans, had sunk into a slumber which lasted all night.

Next morning I awoke refreshed, and hoped all danger was past. Vain hope! I had scarcely finished my breakfast when Carpenter's Lincoln was flourished before my eyes, and the owner of the picture stood looking down on me with a roguish twinkle in his eye, but saying with professional demureness:

"Admirable likeness, Miss! I'm sure you will not refuse me?"

"Indeed but I must," replied I, with equal coolness, though trembling like a leaf in the wind.

"It is mournfully beautiful. How can you fail to like it, Miss Preston?" lisped the widow, wiping her eyes one by one.

"There is false coloring here," said I, slowly. "I like truth, perfect truth."

"I agree with you," returned the agent, with suppressed feeling, and I knew he was trying to meet my eye while I resolutely looked at the picture. "And I also think that a subject, any subject, Miss—be he dead or alive—should be treated fairly. He should be allowed to speak for himself—*to speak for himself*, as you see this picture does."

"Your remarks are just, Mr. Pen— Ahem, they are eminently just, Sir," said I, bitterly. "But there are cases where the subject can have nothing to say, and the more he tries to invent the worse it is for him."

The widow stared at me as if she considered me a little insane. I hastily arose, begged pardon of the stranger for criticising his wares, and, in spite of a deprecatory movement on his part, slipped quietly out of the room.

"William Pentecost," said I to myself, as I shut my chamber-door, "this is cruel! Is it not enough to have deceived me and destroyed my faith in your sex, but you must come here and confront me now, just as I had fled from you, and was recovering a little peace of mind? How happened it that this man, a young lawyer of fine promise and high social standing, had come here to sell pictures like a tramping peddler?" Then I remembered that such pedestrian exercise was recommended by physicians nowadays, and seemed to be almost as popular as a tour to the mineral springs. So William must be out of health. I had fancied, as I peeped at him through my eyelashes, that he looked very thin.

"Hush, child!" said I to my heart, for that unreasoning organ began to throb painfully; "what is it to you now whether William lives or dies? He is dead to you."

But habit is strong. I had once loved this man, and "love, that in gentle heart is quickly learned," is not so soon forgot. While spending a year at my aunt's in Lenox, I had met Mr. Pentecost almost daily. Our acquaintance resulted in an engagement, a perfectly harmonious one, which had continued unbroken until two months ago, when something occurred to prove to me that my affianced husband was utterly, undeniably false.

My friend Kate Bailey had met him in Boston, and such was the power of her charms that after a week's acquaintance he had proposed to her point-blank. There was no possibility of a mistake, for Katie was a girl of perfect truth, and as much incensed at the man's perfidy as I was myself. The letter containing a formal offer of his hand came to her at Dexter. She remailed it to the writer with indignant speed, and in less than twenty-four hours I had dispatched after it all the epistles which had ever come to me from the same unworthy source, informing William Pentecost, in a few curt lines, that our acquaintance was at an end.

I supposed this would be sufficient, but the dastard had the effrontery to demand an explanation! I took no notice of the request. And here now was this same wretch ready to meet me face to face with a lie on his lips! Strange chance that had thrown us together again; for he could not have come hither by design; I had taken the precaution not to give my address to a single soul outside my own family. My kind mother and sisters, distressed by my unhappiness, had themselves urged a change of scene, and had reported me "gone into the country a little while for her health."

"Well, well," said I, bathing my face and donning my hat, "it was an awkward encounter, but it has come and gone, and now I will hie me away to my school and forget it."

I thought that by running away from the parlor that morning I had escaped my trouble; but, to use a homely phrase, I had only "barred the door with a boiled carrot." The trouble was not fastened out; in other words, Mr. Pentecost still lingered. When I went home to dinner I found Mrs. Ann Maria parading before the mirror, the trail of her dress dragging after her like the closing feet in a long-metre verse. There was no trace of her "mouldy melancholy" as she cried out:

"What think! He is going to stay round here a week! He has hired out haying at Squire Leathers's."

"He" meant the picture-peddler. I was too much appalled to reply.

"Don't you think he has such interesting eyes, Miss Preston? Some like Jacob's, without the squint. But then you never looked at him. He asked if you were out of health. Isaac said you were 'out of sorts,' more like. He staid and talked with me after you had gone up stairs; and, all of a sudden, just as he was leaving, he came back and asked if we knew of any one who wanted to hire a man to *hay*. Now what do you suppose put that notion into his head, with those white hands?"

"It is impossible to tell what puts a great many notions into people's heads," replied I, sententiously, for I was in no mood to flatter the beauty.

"He wanted to know how long my daughter's husband had been dead," remarked Mrs. Bean, with a significant glance at me. "Look here, Miss Preston, do you think it would do a mite of harm for Ann Maria to wear a bow of laylock ribbon, or a small sprig of flowers in her bonnet? Jacob has been dead over a year."

"Oh now, mother," remonstrated the mourner, with pathos, "I don't ever intend to marry again; I never can love another, not as I loved Jacob, and I don't wish to hold out any inducements to gentlemen."

"Don't she look saintish?" whispered the approving mother, as the inconsolable one turned her eyes toward the ceiling.

What did William mean by stationing himself here? He was evidently determined to meet me and "speak for himself." All my woman's pride rose in arms at the thought. See him I should not, listen I would not. Was I a weak Laura Matilda, to be wheedled by a few cheap fibs? No, I knew his offense, and he knew that I knew it, so where was the use of words?

He came that evening. I was prepared for him and did not go down. He and the bereaved Ann Maria sat on the front door-step, and, unless I stopped my ears, I could not fail to hear what they said.

"I am sorry Miss Preston is afflicted with such headaches," said Mr. Pentecost, incidentally.

"Oh, she hasn't had any before as I know of!" replied the widow, with a deep sigh, "and this one is nothing to those *I've* endured during the past year, brought on by weeping."

Then followed the memoir of Jacob. I heard the tapping of Mr. Pentecost's cane against his boots, a sure sign of impatience. He did not stay long, and Mrs. Applebee came up stairs a little discomfited, I thought. She recovered her spirits next evening, however, for at the stroke of seven her knight appeared.

"And how is the teacher's head?" I heard him ask.

Headaches can not last forever, and I had now resorted to the pretext of pressing flowers—an occupation I chose to carry on in my own room.

"I guess he thinks you're a little odd," said Ann Maria, coming up with a request from him that I would descend and look at some more engravings he had brought.

"Tell him I am much obliged," said I, in a voice loud enough to be distinctly audible in the front yard, "but I do not patronize peddlers."

"Hush!" said Ann Maria, in great dismay, "or he'll hear you, and if there's a gentleman alive he's one. I only hope," added she, tucking a johnny-jump-up under her breast-pin, "I only hope he won't take encouragement from my sitting out there on the door-step with him. I don't mean any thing by it, though, I must say, there's an expression about his mouth that kind of reminds me of Jacob."

I groaned in spirit. Between this fool at my elbow and yonder hypocrite under the window my life was well-nigh vexed out of me.

Message came next evening that Mr. Pentecost wished to show me a rare flower for my herbarium. I made no reply. I was tired of inventing excuses, but yielding was as far from my thoughts as ever.

"H'm!" said Ann Maria, lingering with the door-latch in her hand, "I declare I hate to go down. I kind of feel as if a crisis was coming. He said something a while ago about staying round here with 'an object in view.' Now, Miss Preston, look here, what object can that man have in view?" twisting her head and gazing complacently in the mirror, which was the size of a small pane of glass. "Do come down, as quick as you can, Miss Preston, for I don't want to give him a chance to say any thing particular—I don't really."

"Is she coming?" asked Mr. Pentecost, eagerly.

"Yes, I believe so," replied the relict, seating herself on the door-stone. "Oh, what is more truly delightsome than the beauties of nature? They fill up a void in the heart that would otherwise be vacant."

"Somewhat, yes, certainly," responded Mr. Pentecost, abstractedly.

"Don't you think, Sir, there is a peculiar witchery in moonlight?"

"I believe that is the general opinion," answered the peddler, in a voice as far away as the other side of the globe, to say the least.

"And something deeply mournful, too," added Dolorosa. "It calls up old memories.

'There's not a look or word of thine
My soul hath e'er forgot.'"

Mr. Pentecost tapped his boot.

"Did I understand you that Miss Preston is coming down in a few moments?"

"Yes, she is; but you were speaking of the moon, Mr. Pentecost, and its influence on human nature. When you gaze on it does it call up your dead friends?"

"No, Madam; I am happy to say it does not! My dead friends are sleeping peacefully in their graves, and I would not have them disturbed on any account."

"Oh, but you know, Mr. Pentecost, I wa simply alluding to the sentiment of grief," sobbe Ann Maria, reproachfully. "I guess you don' know what it is to lose the very apple of your eye!"

"My good friend," said William, in his kind-est manner, "I spoke too lightly; forgive me if I wounded your feelings."

"Oh yes, I forgive you," replied the widow, magnanimously, though weeping afresh.

"You distress me, Mrs. Applebee; do pray compose yourself."

"Oh, Mr. Pentecost, *such* a husband!"

"Well, if he was the saint you have described him to me I am sure you have reason to be resigned."

"Oh, Mr. Pentecost, if he had been *your* husband you couldn't talk so coldly!"

"Good Heavens! What *shall* I say to the woman? Believe me, Mrs. Applebee, I only meant that it is our duty not to mourn inordinately."

Upon this Ann Maria showed symptoms of pouring herself entirely away in tears. I dare say William was really alarmed, having no idea, in his masculine ignorance, how much the female system can bear.

"I feel that *I* am to blame for this," said he, pacing the door-stone in much agitation. "Upon my word, Mrs. Applebee, I had no intention of giving you pain. How can I atone for my thoughtlessness? I would gladly say or do something to comfort you; I would indeed, my dear Mrs. Applebee."

He had finished the business now. Ann Maria had never before been addressed by a gentleman as "my dear Mrs. Applebee," and I knew by the catching of her breath that she considered this the expected "crisis."

"Can I say something to console you; can I comfort you in the least, my dear Mrs. Applebee?" repeated the unfortunate agent, rushing blindly on to destruction.

"Well, Sir, perhaps you can one of these days," responded the mourner, with sudden cheerfulness, "though I don't want to promise. I did think I shouldn't ever marry again; that is to say, I'm afraid I couldn't love another, not as I loved Jacob. Oh! oh!"

There was a long pause. William was probably trying to take in the widow's meaning.

"I don't think I understood what you said, Mrs. Applebee."

"I can't be plainer now, Mr. Pentecost. A woman has to be very particular. I don't feel much acquainted with you yet; but I like your appearance, and perhaps one of these days, if you'll give me time enough— But dear me," added she, attacked with a sudden sense of propriety, "it don't seem just the thing for me to be receiving offers of marriage in my widow's weeds—do you think it does?"

William saw the mistake now, and suddenly laughed outright. It was just what might have been expected of him, for he was taken completely by surprise, and at best had very little control over his risibles. I laughed too up stairs, with my head in a chair-cushion.

"What do you mean, Sir?" cried Ann Maria, rising in wrath, "are you trifling with me, Mr. Pentecost?"

"I beg ten thousand pardons," was the stifled answer; "but a rejected man may as well laugh as cry. As I understand you to say you are devoted to the memory of the departed Mr. Applebee, I have no further remarks to make. Far be it from me to shake such remarkable constancy."

"But, Mr. Pentecost, I didn't say but what in time—"

"Oh, I understood you perfectly. You 'never can love another.' Excuse me, Mrs. Applebee—I—I—what can amuse me so? Ah, it must be the letter I received just before I came here to-night. It was really a very comical letter, and its memory haunts me still."

"It must have been amazingly funny, Sir, I should think, or you would not feel like laughing at such a time as this."

"Exactly so, Mrs. Applebee, it was exceedingly funny. You know there is a picture called the 'Empty Sleeve.' Well, my friend Captain Coyle, who is traveling like me for his health, supposing I was in Boston, sent to me for a supply of that engraving. The telegram read: 'Send me one hundred empty sleeves. Captain John Coyle.' Now I have a cousin of my own name—William Pentecost—living in that city—and, by-the-way, I don't advise people to have cousins of their own name—it causes confusion. Well, of course, the dispatch went to *him;* and who was Captain Coyle, he wondered? And what did he want of so many fractional parts of a garment? He went to the ladies of the Christian Commission, and I should judge that his adventures, while hunting up linen sleeves to send to the Captain, were most extraordinary."

Here William laughed like one who has earned the privilege; but Ann Maria was mute, she did not see the point of the story.

I saw a point, however—yes, and it was as luminous as a star! William Pentecost of Boston! Why had I never heard of his name before? The very sound of his name sent a warm thrill through my heart. It must certainly be he who had proposed to Kate Bailey! Innocent mischief-maker! The "hundred sleeves" was nothing to this.

I did not wait for William to cease laughing; I did not wait for one peep in the seven by nine mirror; I ran down stairs in a glow, and it was all I could do to keep myself within the bounds of propriety, as I cried out in my natural tones:

"Ah, how do you do, Mr. Pentecost? Your face is quite familiar to me. I remember *now* that I have seen you before."

I don't know what there was in my eyes, I don't know what there was in my voice, but the "majestical high scorn" was gone altogether, or so I suppose from the eager flush of delight which sprang to the face of my dear, abused old friend. It did not take him one second to forgive me, and as the relict was fortunately called away to "set the cheese," we two sallied forth at once under the light of her lonesome moon to talk over our wretched estrangement. We could not decide that night which of us had been the most miserable, so it was necessary to meet again to discuss the point; and thus it happened that William and I saw each other frequently during the haying season.

Mrs. Applebee could not express half her amazement at my sudden respect for peddlers. She immediately ceased to weep for the shade of Jacob, and mourned now because the obtuse Mr. Pentecost would not "take 'yes' for an answer." She always insisted that there was a misunderstanding between them, and assured me, with tears in her eyes, that if I ever married that man it was her duty to let me know I was not his first choice.

But her foolishness, though tiresome, was no drawback to me during that bright summer. I felt that I had her to thank for my present happiness. If she had not prattled so senselessly under my window I should never have heard of that blessed man, William Pentecost of Boston! He married Kate, by-the-way, so there were two mistakes rectified. Four people made happy, and all by *eaves-dropping;* so it's of no use to pin on a moral!

And this is the end. Only I might as well mention that Ann Maria is married to "another;" and, such is the balmy effect of Time that she loves him even better than Jacob.

"NO, THANK YOU, JOHN."

I NEVER said I loved you, John:
  Why will you tease me, day by day,
And wax a weariness to think upon
  With always "do" and "pray?"

You know I never loved you, John;
  No fault of mine made me your toast:
Why will you haunt me with a face as wan
  As shows an hour-old ghost?

I dare say Meg or Moll would take
  Pity upon you, if you'd ask:
And pray don't remain single for my sake
  Who can't perform that task.

I have no heart?—Perhaps I have not;
  But then you're mad to take offense
That I don't give you what I have not got:
  Use your own common-sense.

Let by-gones be by-gones:
  Don't call me false, who owed not to be truç:
I'd rather answer "No" to fifty Johns
  Than answer "Yes" to you.

Let's mar our pleasant days no more,
  Song-birds of passage, days of youth:
Catch at to-day, forget the days before:
  I'll wink at your untruth.

Let us strike hands as hearty friends;
  No more, no less; and friendship's good:
Only don't keep in view ulterior ends,
  And points not understood

In open treaty. Rise above
  Quibbles and shuffling off and on:
Here's friendship for you if you like; but love—
  No, thank you, John.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FLY NOTE.—Young Creel, who is a devoted follower of the gentle art, tells us that the first rise of Spring is far preferable to the last rose of Summer.

A school-girl of ten summers purchased a pair of boots. After wearing them one day she found that they had broken out. She took them back to the man she had bought them of, and, after examining them, he said, "They were not taken in enough, were they?" "No," she replied, "but I was." The clerks smiled.

ZOOLOGICAL.

Which animal is never old?—The gnoo.
Which is costly?—The deer.
Which is a good boatman?—The roe-buck.
Which is often elected tu offis?—The mare.
Which makes a good light?—The tapir.
Which is a kussed noosense and tackles you every whare?—The boar.
Which beest is most uzed bi cooks?—The spider.
Which dogs is the Pope ov Rome fond ov?—"Bull" dogs.
Which dogs allus goes in pairs?—Span-iels.
Which dog duz printers like best?—The setter.
Which is the most onbending dog?—The ma-stiff.
Which dog wood yoo recommend hair-dye tu?—The grey-hound.
Which reptile wood drivers prefer?—The whip snaik.
Which wood boys and gurls rether hev?—The hoop snaik.
Which is best for watchmen?—The rattlesnaik.
Which duz Injuns most make use ov?—The moccasin snaik.
Which is best for skool children?—The adder.

Why is a miller the most enviable of men?—Because he is always in the *flour* of his age.

Beside her form he stood and gazed,
  And sought her heart to gain,
Unto his lips her hand he raised,
  He pleaded not in vain;
Then closed his eyes, she knew not why—
  He starts! seems ill at ease;
Turns round his head, sends forth a cry,
  And then—begins to sneeze.

When is an infant like a cannibal?—When it eats its "pap."

When one of Dr. Chapman's patients revolted at a monstrous dose of medicine, and said: "Why, Doctor, you do not mean such a dose as this for gentlemen?" "Oh no," said the Doctor, "but for *working men.*"

Somebody says a wife should be like a roasted lamb—tender and nicely dressed. A scamp adds, "And without any sauce."

Why is traveling by an underground railway dangerous?—Because you are sure to be run over by the cars and omnibuses.

A young preacher, just started on his travels as an itinerant, was holding forth on the Deluge; and after describing the manner Noah built the Ark, and filled it with animals of every kind, by pairs, closed, in a solemn tone, thus: "You must know, my dear hearers, that it was an arduous task for Noah and his sons to get *a pair of whales into the Ark.*"

GOOD ADVICE.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
  With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people, in plainer clothes,
But learn, for the sake of mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
  Is subject to irritation.

A young lawyer was examining a bankrupt as to how he had spent his money. There was about two thousand pounds unaccounted for, when the attorney put on a severe, scrutinizing face, and exclaimed with much self-complacency:

"Now, Sir, I want you to tell this court and jury how you used those two thousand pounds."

The bankrupt put on a serio comic face, winked at the audience, and exclaimed:

"The lawyers got that!"

The judge and audience were convulsed with laughter, and the counselor was glad to let the bankrupt go.

A Fit of Abstraction—Picking a man's pocket.

The other day a town-crier took in charge a lost child, and proceeded to hunt up his parents. On being asked by a lady what the matter was, he replied: "Here's an *orphan* child, Madam, and I'm trying to find its parents."

DARKNESS VISIBLE.—One night, in a thunder-storm, we thought the little ones all asleep, when a little voice from the "trundle-bed" called out, "Oh, mother, the darkness is winking! First it shuts up, and then it shuts down."

OUR "MUTE"-YOU-ALL-FRIEND—The Undertaker!

We think this extract from a medical advertisement is entirely correct: "Consumptives, cough while you can; for after you have taken one bottle of my mixture you can't."

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.—Supposing Anak to be as he is stated—the tallest man living—why is he like a daily contemporary?—Because he must have "the largest circulation in the world."

A Caledonian paper, in an obituary of a young lady who died lately, closed by saying: "She had an amiable temper, and was uncommonly fond of ice-cream and other delicacies."

Why are people who stutter not to be relied on?—Because they are always breaking their word.

Why is a pretty young lady like a locomotive engine? Don't give it up—there are lots of reasons. She sends off the sparks, transports the mails (*males*), has a train following her, and passes over the plain.

"Well, Pat, why don't you put up your umbrella?" "Bekase, yer Honor, the rain ud spile it, an' so I kep it onder my arum, an' divil a dhrop it's got."

"Put out your tongue a little further," said a physician to a female patient: "a little further, ma'am, if you please—a little further still." "Why, doctor, do you think there is no end to a woman's tongue?" cried the fair invalid.

CULINARY COUPLETS.

BY A RHYMING EPICURE.

Always have lobster sauce with salmon,
And put mint sauce your roasted lamb on.

Veal cutlets dip in egg and bread crumb—
Fry till you see a brownish red come.

Grate Gruyere cheese on maccaroni:
Make the top crisp but not too bony.

In venison gravy, currant jelly
Mix with old port—see Francatelli.

In dressing salad mind this law—
With two hard yolks use one that's raw.

Roast veal with rich stock gravy serve;
And pickled mushrooms, too, observe.

Roast pork sans apple-sauce, past doubt,
Is "Hamlet" with the Prince left out.

Your mutton-chops with paper cover,
And make them amber brown all over.

Broil lightly your beef-steak—to try it
Argues contempt of Christian diet.

Kidneys a finer flavor gain
By stewing them in good Champagne.

Buy stall-fed pigeons. When you've got them,
The way to cook them is to pot them.

Woodgrouse are dry when gumps have marred 'em—
Before you roast 'em always lard 'em.

To roast spring chickens is to spoil 'em—
Just split 'em down the back and broil 'em.

It gives true epicures the vapors
To see boiled mutton, minus capers.

Boiled turkey, gourmands know, of course,
Is exquisite with celery sauce.

The cook deserves a hearty cuffing
Who serves roast fowls with tasteless stuffing.

Smelts require egg and biscuit powder.
Don't put fat pork in your clam chowder.

Egg sauce—few make it right, alas!—
Is good with bluefish or with bass.

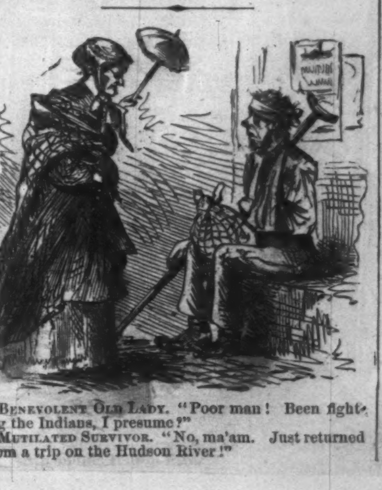
Nice oyster sauce gives zest to cod—
A fish, when fresh, to feast a god.

Shad, stuffed and baked, is most delicious—
'Twould have electrified Apicius.

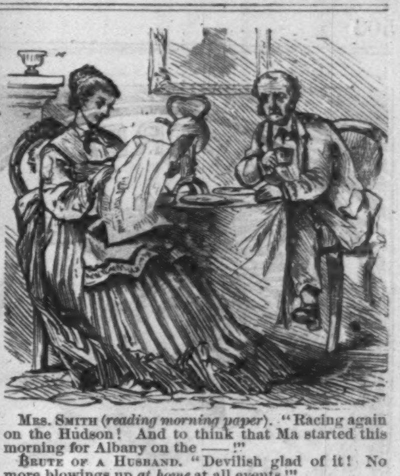
Roasted in paste, a haunch of mutton,
Might make ascetics play the glutton.

But one might rhyme for weeks this way,
And still have lots of things to say.

And so I'll close—for, reader mine,
This is about the hour I dine.



BENEVOLENT OLD LADY. "Poor man! Been fighting the Indians, I presume?"
MUTILATED SURVIVOR. "No, ma'am. Just returned from a trip on the Hudson River!"



MRS. SMITH (*reading morning paper*). "Racing again on the Hudson! And to think that Ma started this morning for Albany on the ——!"
BRUTE OF A HUSBAND. "Devilish glad of it! No more blowings up *at home* at all events!"

"CASH ADVANCES."—Courting a rich widow.

LOVE'S YOUNG DIFFICULTY.

Upon the timber ridge she stood,
That spans the water near the wood,
A maiden innocent and good.
  The day was bright, the month was May,
    The frisky lambs around were sporting,
  We both were young, and youth, they say,
    Youth is the time for courting.

She paused, a word might make her stay—
I would that she were here to-day!
I spoke not, and she passed away.
  You laugh, no doubt, and deem me cold,
    That in my arms I did not fold her;
  The reason? I was ten years old,
    And she was ten years older!

Is it hospitable when you ask a stout friend to come and see you, to tell him that you will give him a spare bed?

A practical joker sometimes finds the tables turned against him. There is a certain Dutchman thriving at a corner grocery who is always practicing some stale joke upon his customers. One of the points played by our German friend is this: A customer asks the price of butter.

"Vell," says Hans, "I sells you some goot butter for forty cents—any body else thirty-five."

Customer smiles at the dried joke, pays for butter, and vanishes, with the impression that Hans is entirely too smart.

But one day Hans is caught in his own trap. Bridget wants to purchase some soap.

"An' what's the price of soap a bar?" interrogates she.

"Dat is goot soap, Biddy," says Hans. "I lets *you* have 'em for twenty cents a bar—*any body else* ten cents, you know."

"All right," says Bridget; "give us five bars at *that* price."

Hans passes over the soap, Bridget lays down fifty cents, and away walks five bars of soap. Hans smells a mice.

"Here, by dunder! dere is a mistake here. Five bars of soap is one dollar."

Bridget stops, indignantly.

"But, and be jabers, didn't you tell me the price was *twenty cents* to me, an' *ten* to any body else? Well, bad luck to ye, it's not for me at all, at all; it's for Mrs. Melaney, who lives next door."

A curious experiment was recently tried by two inhabitants of Vienna, between whom the question arose whether man or woman had the most vanity. Unable to convince each other, they made the subject a question of bet; the stakes were two hundred florins. To decide, they agreed to place themselves before a mirror shop and count the number of men and women who out of one hundred of either sex should stop and admire themselves in the looking-glasses. In an hour they had counted out of one hundred women eighty who had stopped to look at themselves, and out of one hundred men ninety-five who paused to admire their faces.

A POEM FOR THE COURTS.

A judge did once his tipstaff call
  And say, "Sir, I desire
You go forthwith and search the hall
  And bring me in the crier."

"And search in vain, my lord, I may,"
  The tipstaff gravely said,
"The crier can not cry to-day,
  Because his wife is dead."

WANTED.—The receipt which is given when a gentleman "pays his respects."

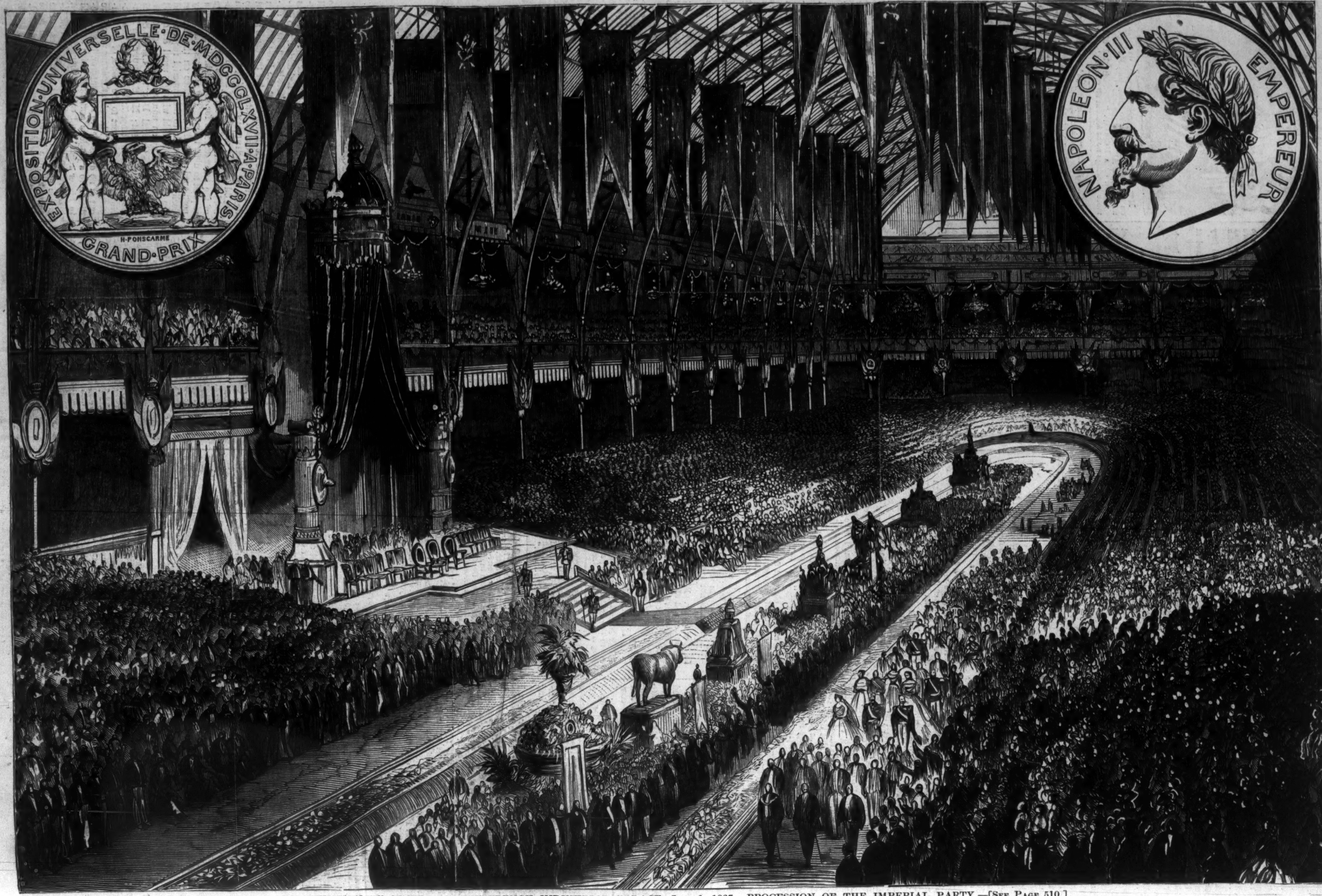
SAGE ADVICE.

Oh! let no man, in desperate mood,
Wed a dull girl because she's good.

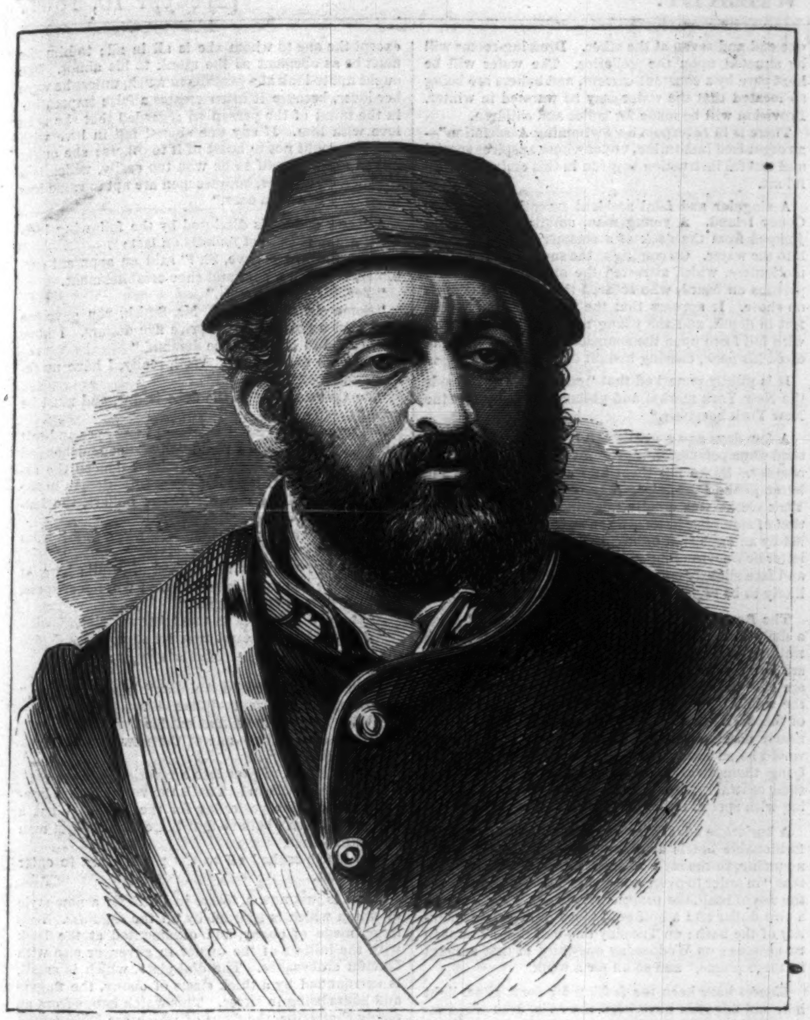
And let no woman, in her plight,
Wed a bad man because he's bright.

AMERICAN BANQUET IN PARIS.

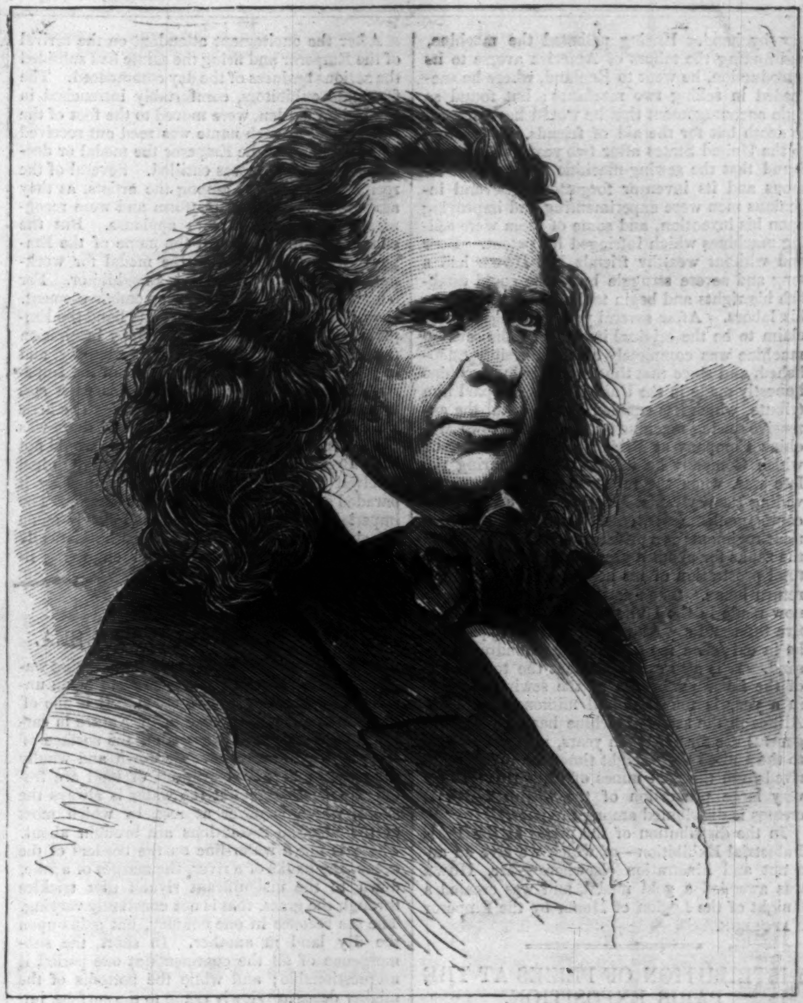
THE Americans in Paris usually celebrate the anniversary of Independence-day by a grand ball and banquet. This year, on account of the presence of such an unusual number of Americans in the city, attendant at the Exhibition, two distinct celebrations were projected—the one an afternoon and evening *fête* at the Pre-Catalan in the Bois de Boulogne, the other the usual grand banquet at the Grand Hotel. But the news of the death of MAXIMILIAN reaching the capital on the 3d of July, an officer of NAPOLEON'S household was sent to the Committees having charge of the arrangements for the celebrations with a request to defer them. The *fête* was indefinitely postponed; but the committee on the banquet declined to accede to the imperial request, and the banquet was held with the usual *éclat*, and was attended by an unusually large number of Americans. General DIX, the United States Minister, was absent; Mr. BANCROFT, our Minister to Berlin, temporarily in Paris, also declined, out of respect to the wishes of the Emperor, to attend. Those in attendance were there out of no disrespect to the Emperor, but in obedience to a patriotic sentiment which they held in higher regard, and enjoyed themselves in a highly rational and sensible manner. A considerable number of the guests were ladies. The company were in full evening-dress, and some of the ladies were very magnificently dressed. We give on page 509 an engraving of the scene.


EXPOSITION·UNIVERSELLE·DE·MDCCCLXVII·A·PARIS
H·PONSCARME
GRAND·PRIX
NAPOLEON·III
EMPEREUR

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE FRENCH INDUSTRIAL PALACE, July 1, 1867.—PROCESSION OF THE IMPERIAL PARTY.—[See Page 510.]



ABDUL-AZIZ, SULTAN OF TURKEY.



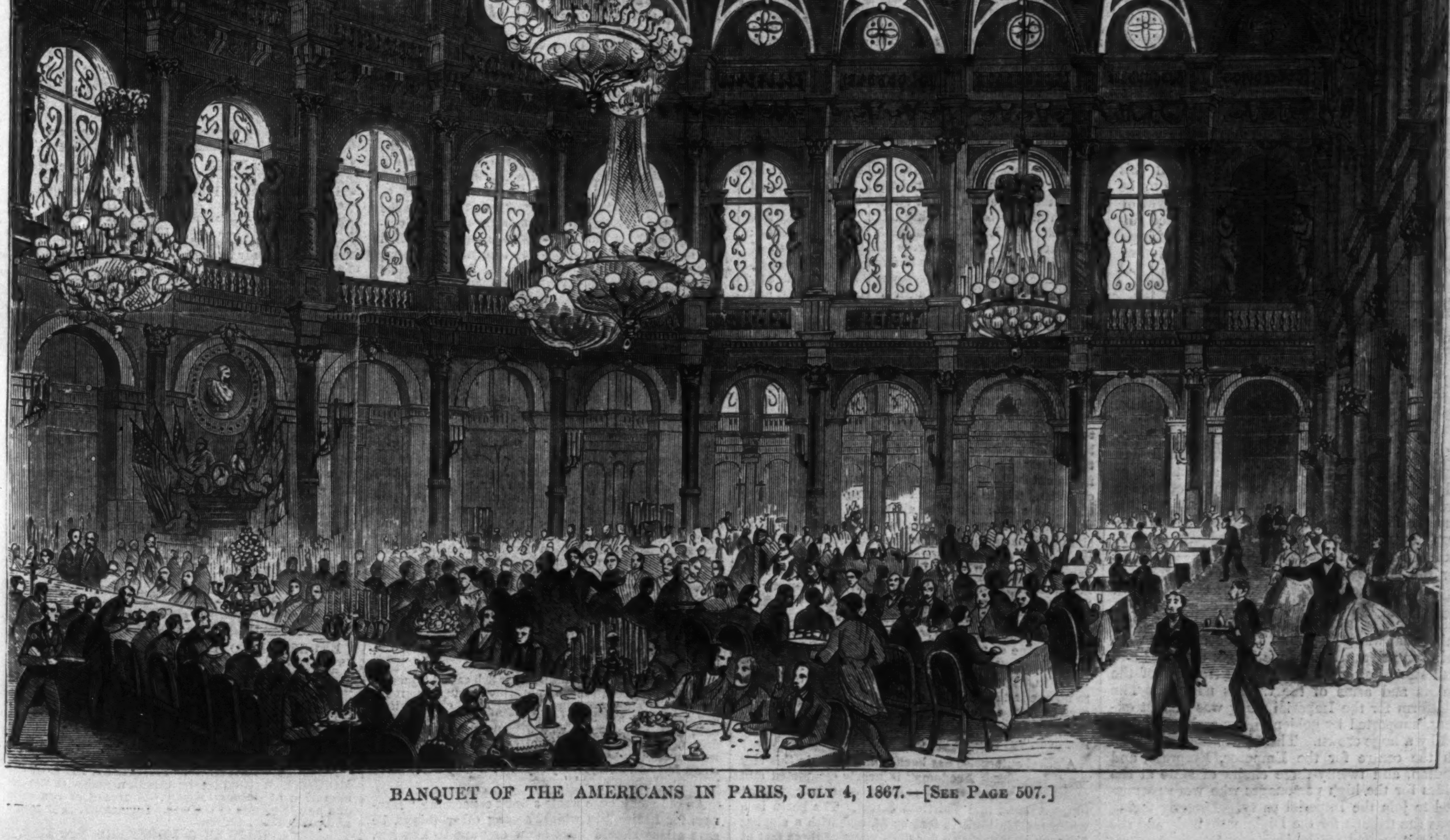
ELIAS HOWE, Jun., INVENTOR OF THE SEWING-MACHINE.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

The present Sultan of Turkey has lately been on a visit to his Christian fellow-monarchs at Paris, London, and Vienna, the first trip of the kind ever made by him to Christian countries. We herewith reproduce a portrait of him, which was taken in London. The Sultan is now about thirty-seven years old, and has reigned for six years. He is a brother, not the son, of the late Sultan. His six years' reign have been very prosperous; and he has introduced into his empire several reforms of great moment and interest.

ELIAS HOWE, Jun.

Among our portraits for this week will be found that of **Elias Howe**, Jun., an American mechanic, who has added as much to the industrial force of the country as any other living individual. **Elias Howe**, Jun., the inventor of the sewing-machine, is a native of Massachusetts, and is now fifty years of age. His father was a farmer and miller, of large family and restricted circumstances, and his children were therefore early accustomed to labor and self-denial. At the age of sixteen **Elias** found employment in a large machine-shop at Lowell, where he learned the rudiments of his trade. It was at Boston, in his twentieth year, that the thought of sewing by machinery was first suggested to his mind. He chanced to hear some one say that the man who should invent a sewing-machine would be certain to make a large fortune; and from that time he was in the habit, in his leisure moments, of meditating devices for sewing by machinery. Having inherited a constitution hardly strong enough for the work of a machinist, and burdened with the care of a growing family, his attention was more and more drawn to the project of inventing a machine which would furnish him a livelihood more easily earned. In December, 1845, upon a small capital, provided by the generosity of an old friend, he shut himself up in a garret at Cambridge and set himself seriously at the task of inventing a sewing-machine. After about six months of incessant labor and reflection he produced the first machine that ever sewed a seam, and he was soon the wearer of a suit of clothes made by its assistance. This first machine, which is one of great beauty and finish, the inventor still possesses; and it will sew ten times as fast as a woman can



BANQUET OF THE AMERICANS IN PARIS, July 4, 1867.—[See Page 507.]

sew by hand. Having patented the machine, and finding the tailors of America averse to its introduction, he went to England, where he succeeded in selling two machines; but found so little encouragement that he would have starved to death but for the aid of friends. Returning to the United States after two years' absence, he found that the sewing-machine had become famous and its inventor forgotten. Several ingenious men were experimenting and improving upon his invention, and some of them were selling machines which infringed his patent. Poor and without wealthy friends Mr. HOWE had a long and severe struggle before he could establish his rights and begin to derive a revenue from his labors. After several years of litigation his claim to be the original inventor of the sewing-machine was completely and irreversibly established, and since that time every sewing-machine honestly made in the United States has paid him tribute, which has enabled him to build the extensive sewing-machine factory of the Howe Machine Company at Bridgeport, Connecticut, of which Company he is President. During the late war, when the rebels under LEE were invading Pennsylvania, Mr. HOWE, in order to encourage enlistments, entered one of the Connecticut regiments as a private soldier and served in the ranks for about a year and a half, when the total prostration of his health compelled him to return home. The number of sewing-machines now made in the United States is estimated at five thousand a week, and there are supposed to be in existence more than seven hundred thousand. It is also estimated that the total value of the labor performed by the sewing-machine in a year is four hundred millions of dollars. Although the sewing-machine has only been in general use for about ten years, it already yields to the United States eight times the revenue derived from the gold mines of California; and a very large proportion of the wealth which it creates is distributed among the poor.

In the distribution of the prizes at the Paris Industrial Exhibition—of which we give an account and illustration elsewhere—Mr. HOWE was awarded a gold medal, and was created a Knight of the Legion of Honor by the Emperor NAPOLEON.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

THE distribution of prizes at the French Industrial Palace on July 1, of which we give a picture on page 508, appears from all accounts to have been a remarkable exhibition. The filling of the palace with the twenty thousand people who had tickets of admission, the procession of the sovereigns, the direction of the mammoth orchestra of 1200 performers, and the distribution in a few hours of the large number of grand prizes were feats to the proper management of which the greatest skill and ability were requisite, and most triumphantly displayed the French passion for organization. The hall was filled early in the day without the aid of a single usher, and yet without the slightest confusion or crowding. This feat was accomplished by means of many doors. There were no fewer than twenty-two. Indeed it was hard to go wrong, for every ticket had a plan on the back, and an indication as clear as a post as to whither one should proceed.

At half past one o'clock the successful competitors entered by the grand staircase, preceded by their flags, and, after passing around the vast hall, descended to their respective trophies, around which they clustered. By this time all was bustle and expectation. The Chamberlains of the Emperor, in superb costume, made their appearance on the platform, and the Cent-Gardes stalked grandly to their posts. Precisely at two the Emperor entered the palace, accompanied by a dazzling throng of notabilities. The Emperor gave his arm to the Empress, followed immediately by the Sultan and YOUSSOUF-IZZEDDIN-EFFENDI, his son, a boy of ten, MEHEMMED-MURAD-EFFENDI, presumptive heir to the throne of Turkey, and ABDUL-HAMID-EFFENDI, his Majesty's nephews. Behind these were to be seen the Prince of Wales, the Prince Royal of Prussia, the Princess MATILDE, the Prince Imperial, dressed in black velvet and red stockings, and wearing the grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, Prince NAPOLEON, the Princess CLOTHILDE, the Prince and Princess MURAT, and other members of the Imperial family; the Duke of Cambridge, the Grand-Duchess MARIE of Russia, Prince ARTHUR of England, Duke of Leuchtenberg. Prince HUMBERT, Duke and Duchess of Aosta, Prince of Orange, Grand-Duke and Duchess of Baden, Prince and Princess of Saxony, and the Count and Countess DE FLANDRE.

The Palace was most brilliantly decorated. The nave presented the appearance of an Italian garden, the centre being sunken and the upper edge or border composed of a mass of superb growing flowers, four feet deep. Between this and the first rows of seats, reserved for the Foreign Commissioners, was a carpeted passage-way, extending round the entire building—intended for the procession. The whole of the space at the sides of the immense area was occupied with seats rising regularly above each other, so as to allow the spectator to have a good view of every thing that was going on. The decorations were crimson velvet trimmed with gold, the walls and galleries being emblazoned with trophies of the colors and arms of the various nations. The platform for the Imperial party was of vast extent, supported by golden pillars and surmounted by a huge crown. Three thrones were placed in the centre for the Emperor, Empress, and Sultan, and twenty-three chairs of state at the sides for the high personages who were permitted to join the Imperial party. Directly facing was the tribune for the Diplomatic body and the ladies who had special invitations.

After the excitement attendant on the arrival of the Emperor and firing the salute had subsided the serious business of the day commenced. The fortunate exhibitors, comfortably intrenched in the Italian garden, were moved to the foot of the throne, and as each name was read out received from the hand of the Emperor the medal or decoration to which he was entitled. Several of the recipients, especially among the artists, as they ascended the imperial platform and were recognized, were received with applause. But the climax was reached when the name of the Emperor was announced for the medal for workmen's cottages, of which he is an exhibitor. For a moment there was an amusing embarrassment. It was a question as to who should hand the Emperor his own medal. By a happy inspiration the Prince Imperial seized the opportunity, and in his official capacity as President of the Imperial Commission, marched up to his papa and presented him with the coveted prize. The little Prince acted his part like a man, and there was not a woman in all that gathering who would not have hugged him for it. When each group had received its awards the members composing it paraded around and resumed their places. The imperial party then descended, and slowly made the circuit of the building, being enthusiastically received in every direction. Our engraving illustrates the scene at this moment.

ENCROACHMENT OF THE SEA.

GEOLOGISTS have proclaimed the fact that water, which is poetically represented to be an unstable element, is misrepresented. It is one of the great powers made use of by Nature in carrying on stupendous changes on the surface of the globe. Mountains settle down and wholly disappear, and new elevations of land are frequently appearing; but the water is always the agent, which is never at rest, by which most of the physical revolutions are brought about. There is not a water-line on the borders of the ocean, the banks of a river, the margin of a lake, down to the insignificant rivulet that trickles through the grass, that is not constantly varying. The sea recedes in one country, but gains upon the dry land in another. In short, the submergence of all the continents at one period is unquestionable; and while the bottoms of the mighty deeps are slowly rising to the surface, immense portions of terra firma are sluggishly being drawn under somewhere else. There is no stability in the dry land which may not be overcome by the gradually advancing sea, not a harbor, estuary of a river, or the restrained waves of a restless ocean which will not finally triumph in the progress of undefined ages in swallowing up the lands now in the occupancy of man and animals.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is a significant fact in connection with the general growth of our city, that while in 1840 there were only fifteen churches above Fourteenth Street, and in 1850 only fifty, they have increased so rapidly that there are now about two hundred. Many of these are fashionable churches, and keep closed doors during the "heated term." They have, as it were, gone into the country. Even those churches which are open are sparsely attended; for August weather does not incline people toward long sermons.

In Baltimore a new feature has been added to the beautiful park at Druid Hill. On Sunday afternoons religious exercises are held there, under the direction of different clergymen, in the open air. The people gather by thousands under the grateful shade, and enjoy the fresh air while they listen to words of Christian instruction. Order and good conduct generally have prevailed, and it is found that a good many people attend this outdoor church under the trees who would not sit still under a roof on a fine Sunday.

Every few days our city journals record an item under some such head as "*Child run over*," "*Boy instantly Killed*," "*Fatal Railroad Accident*," or "*Reckless Driving*." The number of children wounded or killed during the last twelve months by being run over by our city cars must be pretty large. Two children, a boy of thirteen and a girl of eleven, have very recently been killed—one by falling under the wheel while attempting to leave the car while it was in motion; the other, attempting to cross the street in front of the car, was knocked down and fearfully crushed. A short time ago a poor news-boy was unceremoniously shoved off the platform of a car by the conductor, and instantly killed; and many others have been pushed off, and fortunately escaped without serious injury. The public have a right to demand that the conductors and drivers on the city cars should be sober, careful, responsible, and *civil* men. Reckless driving and rude pushing from the cars should not be tolerated. But, on the other hand, it is both foolish and wicked to precipitate one's self from a car in rapid motion, or to rush across the street so near the swiftly-coming horses that, with the slightest mis-step or hindrance, the car must pass over one. Parents, too, are sadly negligent both in the care and the training of their children. Those who are too young to understand the danger should not be allowed to play in streets where cars run, unattended; and those who are older should have special instruction in regard to crossing the track. A cold shudder came over us the other day as we saw a little child, not two years old, standing, unconsciously, directly on the track, near one of those turns where two lines of cars meet. We cast a hasty look up, down, and at the right hand. Three cars were near by, every one to go over that track, and any one of which might crush the child. It was but an instant's work to put the little one on the sidewalk, in temporary safety; but it seemed to belong to no one in the vicinity, and might, five minutes afterward, amuse itself again by walking along the track. In fact it is wonderful, not that so many children are run over, but that so many escape that fate.

A novel enterprise has been undertaken in this city—a "Swimming Academy" is nearly completed and will soon be opened. It is situated at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Thirtieth Street. The basin is a white marble tank 75 feet by 35, and with a sloping floor which will give a depth of water of three feet at one end and seven at the other. Dressing-rooms will be situated upon the galleries. The water will be kept pure by a constant current, and boilers are being so located that the water may be warmed in winter. Provision will be made for ladies and children.

There is in Liverpool a "Swimming Association"—an organized institution, under whose auspices special and careful instruction is given in this eminently useful art.

A singular and fatal accident recently occurred at Coney Island. A young man, ambitious of diving, jumped from the deck of a steamer, head foremost, into the water. On coming to the surface he remained motionless, which attracted the attention of several persons on board, who secured the body and drew it on shore. It appears that the water was only seven feet in depth, and the young man, striking his head with full force upon the compact sandy bottom, dislocated his neck, causing instant death.

It is pithily remarked that "green fruit now floods the New York market and philanthropically fills the New York hospitals."

A few days ago a gentleman of this city wanted to send some percussion-caps to his boy, who was in the country. So he put them into a letter and sent the letter to the Post-office. Thereafter one of the New York clerks was quietly pursuing his usual occupation of stamping letters, when suddenly he was startled by an explosion occurring, by which a part of the letter he was stamping was blown away, and his hands and face slightly burned. Percussion-caps will not be likely to be regarded as mailable matter hereafter.

The Board of Education are planning to establish a daily normal school in this city for the thorough training of such as desire to become teachers. There are now two schools of this character, whose sessions are held every Saturday; but these do not fully meet the wants of the educational system in the training of teachers. There are now employed by the Board nearly nineteen hundred female teachers alone. It would be an immense advantage if all who are qualifying themselves to teach should be assembled in some central institution, and receive a thorough training with special reference to their future work.

A burlesque advertisement was posted in one of the fashionable hotels at Saratoga, a few days ago, announcing, in the style of the great tobacco advertiser, that "in order to overcome a natural prejudice against the use of hash, the proprietor will, on Monday, place a two dollar and a half gold piece in a certain quantity of the hash; on Tuesday one-half that amount in two pieces; on Wednesday one-third of that amount in three pieces," and so on for a week.

Blondes have been the fashion for some time, light hair and fair skin have been the rage, even when attained at the cost and pain of chemical tortures. But a change has been inaugurated, and brunettes are in the ascendant. It is stated that all kinds of black fluids are sold in the Parisian stores for the darkening of blonde complexions. The use of chickory-juice and walnuts for the dark deed of fashion has become so prevalent as to cause an unprecedented demand for these articles, and to raise their prices in the market. Some fear that the supply will not be equal to the demand.

Now that the skirts of walking dresses no longer cover the feet, ladies naturally give more thought to the subject of boots and shoes. There are various styles which are regarded with favor.

Demi-high boots are made of gros-grain silk, laced over the instep; the boot is ornamented at the top with a small *mousquetaire* revers of red morocco, piped with white. The heel is very high, and covered with silk.

Some high boots are made with facings of silk to match with the dress, fastened with silk cord and olive-shaped gimp grelots. The heel is very high, and covered with unvarnished leather.

Very elegant little bottines are made of black gros-grain silk, have elastics at the sides, and high heels covered with silk.

Parisians wear slippers of blue satin, which are embroidered with white beads, and a pattern worked in black silk, and with rosettes of blue ribbon, edged with guipure in front.

Shoes of colored silk, covered with embroidered muslin, and trimmed with a quilling and rosette of ribbon, are very pretty.

High-heeled satin shoes, embroidered with pearl beads, and edged with a guipure border, fastened in front with a pearl ornament, are also stylish.

A funny courtship case recently came before a Milwaukie Justice: A young woman who had accepted the attentions and civilities of a gentleman for some time at length was married to somebody else, to whom she had been privately engaged at the time she accepted his services. Whereupon the deceived individual sued for a bill of $104 25, the amount he had paid in her behalf in taking her to concerts, operas, picnics, rides, and ice-cream saloons. As an offset he credited her with sundry kisses valued at $16 67½; several squeezes of the hand, $3 37½; an unreturned photograph and a ring, making a total of $37 75. He recovered the bill, the Judge allowing the plaintiff the kissing at his own valuation. The case is to be carried up, and there promises to be much conflicting testimony as to the value of the Milwaukie girl's kisses.

The following curious cat story is related in an English paper:

"A man was charged at Marlborough Street police court with assaulting his wife. The only point of interest in the case was the way in which the woman was saved from further ill-treatment. Her husband knocked her down, jumped on her, and then throwing himself on her, seized her by the throat, and attempted to strangle her; but, while she lay on the ground screaming, a favorite cat named Topsy suddenly sprang on her husband and fastened her claws in his eyes and her teeth in his face. Her husband could not tear the cat away, and he was obliged to implore her to take it from him to save his life. The husband got a month's hard labor. The report does not say whether 'the worthy magistrate' ordered Topsy to have a treat at the expense of the poor-box."

A traveler, writing from Western Africa, gives the following curious statement:

"At Taboo there is a funny little fish called 'Quene,' taken in baskets in large quantities during a part of the year. They are much prized for their delicious flavor. They are about the length of one's thumb-nail, and a tea-spoon would probably hold several dozen. Served with palm butter, it was a dish an epicure would not despise. In being helped to these small fry, one humorously says: 'I'll take a few more million, if you please.'"

An old monk once wrote a book concerning "Manners for Ladies," in which, among other things, he says a lady should "not allow any one to kiss her, except the one to whom she is all in all; to him she must be as obedient as the monk to his abbot. She ought not to look at a gentleman much, unless he were her lover, because it often creates a false impression in the mind of the person so regarded that she is in love with him. If any one should fall in love with her, she ought not to boast of it to others; she ought not to allow herself to be won too easily, which is a common occurrence, because men are apt to value less what they win with ease."

A "new dodge" is disclosed by the following incident, which is at least *founded* on fact:

"Mr. Smith, I believe, Sir?" said an apparent customer, entering a boot and shoe establishment.

"Yes, Sir—John Smith."

"Some six months ago, Mr. Smith, you gave me credit for a pair of boots—price five dollars. I have now called to liquidate the demand."

"Owe me five dollars? Well, really, I have no remembrance of the fact."

"Be that as it may; the debt is due, and must be paid."

Here a middle-aged gentleman, in pepper-and-salt pantaloons, took out a well-filled wallet and handed Smith a twenty-dollar bill. Smith balanced the account, returning to the middle-aged gentleman in the seasonable wearing apparel fifteen dollars, the balance of the bill.

The middle-aged gentleman left, while Smith went off in a reverie.

"Well, the world is not so bad after all; here, at least, is one genuine honest man. I will never speak ill of the human family again."

Next day Smith goes to an exchange office.

"Bullion, just discount that lot of notes, and give me current bills."

"Certainly, Sir."

Bullion runs over the "pictured blotting paper," and throws out a twenty-dollar bill.

"What do you throw that out for?"

"Not worth a cent—one of the new counterfeits—came out yesterday."

Smith once more goes into a reverie.

"Hang that villain! That's the very bill that honest man paid me yesterday for the boots. What a vile world! don't believe that there is an upright man on earth."

And Smith rushed off to the police court to enter a complaint.

There is just now a *furore* in Paris for a new style of watch which is sported by all the *élégantes*. It is large, made of ebony, and ornamented at the back with the initials of the owner in silver, or else with fanciful arabesques. The dial-plate, which is small, is surrounded by a thick circle of ebony, the fingers and hours being in silver. This watch hangs from an ebony chatelaine, the rings of which are ornamented with silver, and joined together either by bars or balls of silver, according to the pattern of the chatelaine.

Will the time ever come when the comforts and luxuries of life can be obtained here as reasonably as abroad? One can scarcely realize that a handsome suit of clothes for a gentleman costs in London only from $15 to $25; that he may dress well enough, hat and boots included, for about $18. Carriage hire also is enormous in New York city. In London they pay sixpence a mile, or two shillings an hour. A handsome turn-out, with a driver in neat livery, can be procured for two shillings and sixpence an hour. In Paris, Vienna, and many other cities there are even more elegant carriages and at a lower rate. Why can not we have among us some system of comfortable, inexpensive locomotion on wheels?

At a wooden wedding in Detroit a good joke was perpetrated by a would-be-guest, who was unable to be present. He sent his regrets, *written on a shingle*, to the lady of the house. His appropriate hit caused much merriment.

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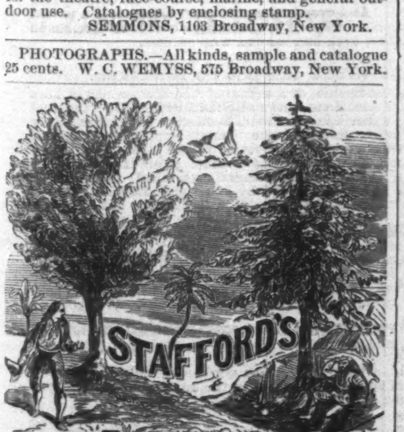

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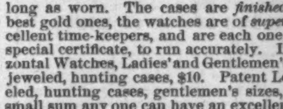

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